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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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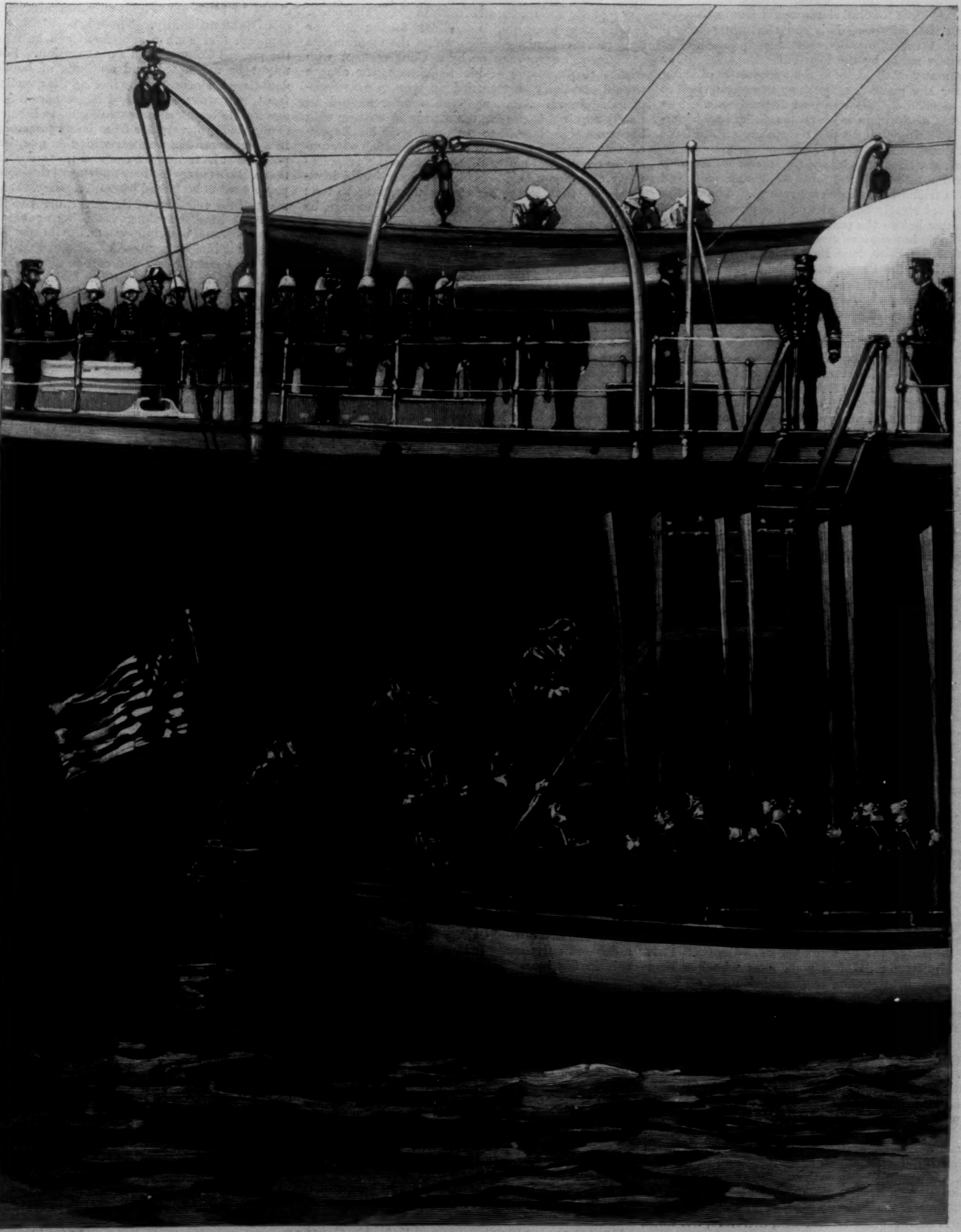

THE NAVAL RENDEZVOUS AT HAMPTON ROADS.

Captain Hamilton receiving Admiral Gherardi on Board the British armored Cruiser *Blake*.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

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THE POST-OFFICES.

THERE is every reason for believing Mr. CLEVELAND's frequent and emphatic utterances in favor of civil service reform to have been entirely sincere. These utterances authorized the expectation that the public offices under the national government would by his administration be regarded and treated not as party spoils, but as public trusts. This would, in the first place, have precluded removals from office for mere partisan reasons. It is an unfortunate circumstance that the numerous removals of fourth-class postmasters made by the Post-office Department, or at least many of them, have the appearance of being made for the purpose of putting Democrats in the places vacated by the removed Republicans. The comments made upon such removals by some journals advocating civil service reform are said to have caused annoyance to the President and the Postmaster-General, Mr. BISSELL, who enjoys, no doubt deservedly, the reputation of a man of high character, and also of a friend of civil service reform. These high officials are clearly entitled to a fair presentation of this matter before the public, so that, if possible, the unfavorable impressions created by the reports of the doings of the Post-office Department be dissipated. But as neither the President nor the Postmaster-General has made any official statement concerning the case, we can discuss only the explanations given in the newspapers, whether they were inspired by authority or not.

It is said that the number of removals of fourth-class postmasters during the first four weeks of the present administration does not amount to one-half of the removals made four years ago during the corresponding four weeks under the administration of Mr. HARRISON. This is creditable as far as it goes, but it does not touch the point of real importance. It was expected of Mr. CLEVELAND's administration that it would, in this respect, be different from the administration of Mr. HARRISON not merely in degree, but in kind. If the removals were the same in spirit and purpose, if they were the emanations of spoils politics, the reduction in their number would indicate at best only that the present administration is somewhat ashamed of the things done, but that it did them all the same. We can, therefore, hardly believe that this plea in extenuation is put forth by the administration itself.

It is also said that most of the postmasters removed had been in their places four years or more, and might therefore be expected graciously to make room for other people wanting the offices. From the point of view of the public interest this cannot be taken as a serious argument. A post-office exists not for the accommodation of the person managing it and drawing pay for his services, but for the accommodation of the public. A postmaster who has served four years has just had time to become a really useful postmaster. He has become familiar with the regulations of the service, the classification of mail matter, the rendering of accounts, and with the public he has to serve. This familiarity, which is a matter of great importance, not only to the postmaster himself, but also to the department, and no less to the customers of the local office, it will take a "green hand" considerable time to acquire, and during that time the department as well as the public are exposed to inconvenience and loss. This applies to a small post-office in which the postmaster has to attend to the whole or almost the whole business himself still more than to a large one, in which the detail work may be performed by schooled subordinates. It is evident, therefore, that a good man who has been four years in a post-office should, instead of being dismissed for this reason, be kept just *because* he has the advantage of four years' practice.

But from another point of view the dismissal of postmasters on the ground that they have been in their offices four years would be equally objectionable. It would involve the changing of all the 65,000 fourth-class postmasters during the period of one administration, and, as the practice is understood to be, the passage of all these places from members of one political party to members of another. The consequence would be that the next change of party in power would bring on an exact repetition of the process. It would simply be the systematic perpetuation of the spoils system in a manner especially injurious to the public convenience. An administration favorable to civil service reform will, therefore, not think of adopting such a rule.

The third allegation put forth with regard to the removals is that they were all made "for cause," that is, on the ground of some misconduct of the officers removed. If this is the case, then no reasonable man can object to the removals, provided the "cause" be ascertained in a fair and morally satisfactory manner. If it were not so ascertained, great injustice might be done to the officer removed as well as to the public—to the officer removed, because his character might be smirched by the imputation of wrong-doing, of which he was not guilty; and to the public, because it might be wrongfully deprived of the services of a useful officer.

The investigation of all the charges which are made after the incoming of a new administration for the purpose of securing removals may be a difficult and tedious business. But if it is desired to avoid doing injustice, certain rules may be adopted, the strict observance of which would greatly simplify matters. If no charge had been made against the officer in question before, and a charge is now made presumably for the purpose of securing his removal, then that charge is open to grave suspicion. If the charge is made by a candidate for the office, or by a party committee which wants the emoluments for one of its workers, or by a Congressman who wishes to place one of his henchmen, the charge should especially be regarded as open to grave suspicion. In all such cases the accuser should be firmly required to present the charge in writing with his name signed to it, to go upon record. Experienced men tell us that accusers under such circumstances very frequently refuse to take the responsibility of doing this. Then the answer should invariably be that, if the accuser is unwilling to take the responsibility of standing up for the charge, he should not ask the government to take the responsibility of condemning and removing a man on such an accusation. If a Congressman should then rise in his dignity and affect to resent this as a reflection upon his character, the answer should be that such is the inflexible rule of the department, which in its generality is a reflection on no man.

In this way the administration would get rid of a great many unfounded charges, and correspondingly escape the danger of doing injustice. Whenever a charge is not satisfactorily proven by those bringing it, but seems to call for inquiry, the investigation should be made by an inspector or special agent. In many cases such an investigation may require time, but the delay will worry only the candidate for the office, for the public interest will hardly suffer by it. If such rules are adopted, publicly announced, and firmly adhered to, some politicians may growl for a short while, but most of the Congressmen will feel themselves greatly relieved by it, and the people will hail it with approval, for they are tired of the spoils scandal. The newspapers will no longer annoy the President and the Postmaster-General by talking about the "guillotine" and the "headsman." It will soon become apparent how little the general public trouble themselves about who is postmaster, provided they are well accommodated, and the administration will presently discover how much more strength it can gain with the people for itself as well as its party by perfecting the public service than by putting ever so many places into the hands of greedy partisans. And more than that. When Congressmen see that post-offices can no longer be had for the asking, they will speedily become prepared to pass something like the LODGE bill "to regulate the appointment of fourth-class postmasters," which, if it become a law, will rescue that branch of the service forever from the domain of spoils politics, and bring it under the rule of sound civil service principles.

THE TARIFF AND THE CURRENCY.

THE two important subjects confronting the administration are the tariff and the currency. Whether the one or the other shall be first attacked depends upon the business conditions of the country. Mr. CLEVELAND is evidently determined to use all the power that the law has placed in his hands to save the commerce of the country from the evil effects of a debased currency. Indeed, he expressly promised this in his inaugural address. But the President cannot do anything for the final solution of the currency problem beyond making recommendations. So far as the ills resulting from the continued purchase and coinage of silver are concerned, he can deal with them by issuing bonds.

The law on this subject is doubtful, and it is held by some of the best-informed lawyers and financiers that the provision authorizing the issue of bonds for the purpose of obtaining funds for the redemption of legal-tender notes fell with the enactment of the statute directing the Secretary to reissue legal-tenders after they were once redeemed. Nevertheless, the President and Secretary of the Treasury have probably agreed from the first that if it became necessary for the maintenance of our credit to issue bonds, bonds would be issued. The question seemed to be whether bonds should be issued before or after the $100,000,000 gold reserve was assailed. Mr. CARLISLE is understood to have been unwilling to issue bonds until the reserve had been drawn upon, while Mr. CLEVELAND insisted on the sanctity of the reserve. These bonds will be payable in coin, but the Secretary will have the physical power to insist upon receiving gold for them. Fortunately the credit of the country is so high that bonds bearing a low rate of interest can be sold at par for a long time to come. But issuing bonds will not cure the evil. This will continue while the country is accumulating an additional debt as a kind of dam against the coming flood of silver monometallism. The solution of the difficulty rests with the legislative branch of the government, and the task is much greater than that immediately presented by the silver question. Underlying the agitation for silver is a real distress caused by the lack of banking facilities, of opportunities to obtain credit, in a large part of the country.

It is apparently the expectation of the present Secretary that the country can be tided over any emergency that may be threatened by extraordinary demands for gold until Congress can be induced to settle the whole currency problem intelligently and rationally. There is hardly any one who supposes that such a settlement can be reached by the present Congress at its next session. Something might be attempted, and an issue of bonds would doubtless hasten action by forcing the question to the front, as it was made of first importance a few weeks ago by the heavy shipments of gold to Europe. But Congress is yet very far from being prepared to deal in a statesmanlike manner with this question. The politicians have not yet realized its extent or importance. It involves the harmonizing of the incongruous paper currencies issued by the Treasury, the readjustment of the relations of the government to the circulating medium, the reform, extension, or abandonment of the national banking system. All these questions, with their incidents, must be debated and settled before the currency question can be disposed of. It is one of the characteristics of our legislation, State and Federal, that the elected law-makers do not act until after serious popular agitation. Ideas and suggestions about the currency question are only just beginning to make their appearance in the newspapers, and it is not rational to expect any definite and final Congressional action during the coming session.

In the mean time the tariff question is ready for settlement. On that question, at all events, the Democratic majority is to some extent harmonious. At least the councils of the party are controlled by the men who ten years ago made the present Secretary of the Treasury Speaker of the House of Representatives, and who subsequently supported the MORRISON and the MILLS bills, and voted for the bills making important additions to the free list reported by Mr. SPRINGER's committee. Directly in the line of these measures is the bill prepared by the Reform Club of this city; and although it is quite probable that a different measure will be prepared by the Ways and Means Committee, yet to be appointed, the departure cannot be very radical unless the majority in the House refuses to follow its real leaders.

Naturally the men who have come so near the attainment of the object for which they have been struggling for many years will do their utmost to continue the tariff question at the front of political issues until duties are materially reduced, and are laid on values instead of on weights and measures. Among those who would naturally be keenly disappointed by the further postponement of the tariff question, after the recent popular victory in favor of lower duties and tax reform, is Mr. CARLISLE, whose word on both the great questions confronting the administration will be the weightiest in the cabinet, and for whose opinion the President will naturally entertain the most respect. It is the feeling in Washington that the people voted first of all for relief from the MCKINLEY act, and that their expectation should be gratified. Therefore the President has a double motive for exerting all his power and influence for the postponement of the currency question—first, to effect a definite settlement resulting from a thorough discussion of the whole question, of which the silver problem is but a part, and second, to restore the tariff question to its natural place at the front.

DUMMY TENANTS.

THE rapid development of the north end of Manhattan Island to the east and west and above Central Park has been very remarkable. Where ten years ago there were only market gardens here and there among the shanty-covered rocks, now there are blocks after blocks of elegant residences, while on the corners of each block it is the rule that there shall be large apartment-houses, in which families live very much as rabbits do in warrens. An observer watching this rapid development cannot help pausing now and again to wonder where the tenants are to come from to fill all of these immense apartment-houses. Of course New York is always growing, but no town could keep on growing fast enough to fill the houses which are built by speculators, and on which the workmen never stop, whatever the season, whatever the weather. The object of the building speculator not infrequently is to finish his apartment-house, give it a smart exterior appearance, fill it with presentable-looking tenants, and then find a purchaser. Many capitalists who like to get a good return for their investments have concluded that an apartment-house full of tenants and in smooth working order is a very attractive possession, for besides the eight or ten per cent. return on the investment there is the ever-present hope that a large "unearned increment" will accrue. Though such profits vex the souls of Mr. Henry George and his followers, they do not bother the average owner of real estate except when they do not come quickly enough.

The speculator, having finished his apartment-house, advertises for tenants, and not seldom generously offers to give a month's rent free. The prices he places on his apartments are not low, but the month's free rent reduces the year's total somewhat. In renting the apartments the speculator is not particular at all as to the character of the people he accepts as tenants. What he appears most to care for is that they should present a good appearance; that is, make a good showing on dress parade. By not being particular, the speculator soon fills his house. Now it is the time for the careful investor to come upon the scene. It is merely a matter of arithmetic with him. The property costs so much, the taxes and insurance are so much, repairs and maintenance so much more. Per contra—so many tenants at so much a year each. The totals show that the investment will yield a net income of ten per cent. In a little while the transaction is completed, and the new owner is in possession. Then comes the first of the month—the rent-day. There is a ribald song the refrain of which is something like this: "But, oh, how different in the morning!" And, oh, how different does the new landlord find it when rent-day comes! Let us say he has thirty tenants in his new house. There have been instances in this new section of New York where the new landlord in an apartment-house speculation has learned that not more than six tenants out of thirty were genuine; all the rest were dummies. They were permitted to go into the house to assist in a swindle, and their part of the "swag" was an apartment for two, three, or four months free of rent.

At a first glance one would think that these dummy tenants would get into trouble; that the landlord would dispossess them, and levy on their furniture. But remember that these apartment-houses are not of the class ordinarily called tenements, but the abodes of well-to-do folks. The landlord finds it more economical to politely say to the dummies, "I should be glad to have you move as soon as convenient." If the dummy is a person of experience, he looks about him quietly until he finds another new house in the same neighborhood, and into that he moves upon exactly the same terms as those of his old lease. And so from house to house he flits, always certain that one landlord will speed his coming and another his parting, but tolerably certain too that he will get for nothing that for which old-fashioned and merely honest people have to pay a good round rental every month.

Where dummy tenants flourish it is pretty certain that the development has been too rapid, and that more apartment-houses have been erected than there was really any need for.

THE ITCH FOR PRIVACY.

The late M. Taine was a man of much reserve, and disliked apparently to have anything more known about himself than was absolutely necessary. He was willing that his books should be read, under reasonable conditions, but into them he put every bit of his personality that he intended to share with the public, and there was no getting any more with M. Taine's consent. He was never willing to be photographed. He once said to Renan, "The thought of having my photograph displayed and on sale side by side with those of actors and politicians makes me shudder." Renan, who did not object to publicity, replied, "A public man belongs to the public." The same avoidance of publicity prompted M. Taine to burn all his diaries before his death; and in his will he charged his heirs to prevent by all legal means the publication of his private letters of all descriptions. The only letters he was willing to have appear were those relating to matters purely general or speculative, and from these he stipulated that all passages should be cut out which touch remotely or immediately upon private life. Renan, quite unlike him, kept every letter he ever received, and left them all behind him in convenient bundles, with his blessing.

A judicious contemporary (the *Evening Post*) finds in M. Taine's precautions a timely rebuke to a certain "itch for publicity," which it regards as a disgusting characteristic of the times in which we live. It praises M. Taine for "his consistent avoidance of all the modern methods of puffery," and rejoices that "the world will never know, through the illustrated papers, what was the furniture of his study, or what were his pet animals, or how he looked when 'at work.'"

But it is a fortunate thing for mankind that not all good men share M. Taine's feelings in these matters. The department of literature which concerns the personality of men who have accomplished great things is one of the most edifying and delightful that exists. To learn to know a good man intimately is a great privilege. As a later writer in the *Post* veraciously observes, "*Humani nil alienum* is the motto of the student of mankind." Who gives to the world the fruit of his intellectual powers, as Taine did, does it a great service; but it is a great additional service for a great man who lived a good life to take the world somewhat into his confidence, and let it know, so far as due consideration for others will permit, how he lived and how he did his work. To know Washington at Mount Vernon, to follow Lincoln up through the sordid surroundings of his early days and watch the struggling development of his character, are surely worth all the sacrifice of privacy that such knowledge involves. Or, if such cases are not quite in point, how great would have been our loss if Walter Scott had shrunk, like Taine, from being known except through what he wrote! Surely it does not make for the degradation of literature that we can see Scott with his dogs about him at Abbotsford, or picture Dickens at his desk at Gadshill. Man is as much man's noblest study now as he was in Pope's time. The man whom we know only at his best, expressly gotten up for a public appearance, we only half know. Great achievement is a discouragement to struggling merit unless it is possible to trace the methods of it—the difficulties that effort overcame, the obstacles that patience surmounted, the disasters that courage survived.

Old-time privacy got a great blow when a Paris mob pulled down the Bastille. This is the age of publicity, and we have reason to rejoice at it. "Think," wrote President Eliot the other day, "how all sorts of abuses and cruelties are checked and prevented by the publicity of modern life—a publicity which depends on the universal capacity to read!" It is true enough that so great an advantage has not been won without a good deal of accompanying detriment. Private life is pried into far too much for the edification of a servants'-hall society. M. Taine's desire for seclusion was probably an outcome of personal temperament; but justification could be found for it, if that were necessary, in the abuses of the confidences of other men. Newspapers every day meddle with matters that it is a needless cruelty to touch. The greatest journals in New York invited their readers the other morning to discuss with the Federal authorities whether and how often a bride's wedding-dress had been worn. Coroners subject the sanctity of dead clay to brutal violation, and publish resulting surmises which it was villany ever to have made. So the sunshine sometimes scorches and withers plants that are not fit to bear it. Nevertheless, without sunlight there can be no wholesome life. What sunshine is to earth, a reasonable publicity is to society. It is well enough for every man to keep for himself some cool and shady places where he may rest; but the more he can live openly, and, if he is a public man, the more frank and unreserved he can make his relations with other people, the better it is for him, and if he is worth knowing, the better it is for the other people too.

THE GIRLS AT THE HYGEIA.

There have been great days for the girls at Old Point Comfort, in the State of Virginia, and some rather elderly women whose belledom is largely a matter of tradition have had a very good time. The exuberance of the American woman has been abundantly manifested. It is many a year since cargoes of foreign officers have been brought to these Virginia shores, and it will probably be many other years before the like will be seen again. Generally fleets visit waters like Hampton Roads with hostile purpose. Some of our English friends who have been enjoying our hospitality are descendants, perhaps, of the men who fired cannon-balls at our liberties; but now they come in friendly guise, and with them come the officers and sailors of a half-score of other nationalities. All are on ceremony and pleasure bent. Only welcoming guns are fired, and there is an immense amount of respect manifested for each other, each other's flag, and each other's nationality.

But besides the ceremonious visitings on board ship, the great display of naval etiquette, and the courteous commingling of fighting-men who respect one another, there have been social festivities, conducted by the American girl, and, if the truth must be told, her somewhat frivolous chaperons. Fathers and mothers have gone into the background, unless the father happened to wear a uniform, when he was graciously permitted to sit against the wall and to see his butterflies flit by. Navy and army fathers are always old. As to the rest, the girls have done very much as they pleased, and, after the manner of American girls, they have had a thoroughly good and wholesome time. They have danced to the uttermost of their hearts' desire; they have seen not only a large number of fine uniforms, but more different kinds of uniforms than have been before seen together in this country; they have tied about their hats the ribbons of the ships of all nations; they have flirted in Russian, French, Italian, German, Spanish, Dutch, and real English; they have tried to teach foreigners their own peculiar method of speech; they have been courted, fêted, pursued with attentions—and misunderstood. This is the only sad part of it all. Our young girls seem unable to comprehend the profound philosophy that was inculcated by Mr. Henry James's *Daisy Miller*. They appear never to learn that the foreigner is unable to understand why all young girls are not so prone to wickedness that they need constant watching. They go on, therefore, notwithstanding the warnings and horrors of prudes, to dance and walk and talk with the young foreigners, and the young foreigners are just as incapable of unlearning their social traditions as the American girls are of learning them. It pains the wiser male relatives of the young girls to know that their frankness and innocence will be misinterpreted, but, on the other hand, it is infinitely pleasant to realize that the American girl retains her freedom because she has not abused it. The country loves her and her ostentatious mirth and gayety.

·THINGS·TALKED·OF·

Mr. Frederic Remington, whose drawings have made the uniform and general appearance of the various classes of German soldiers so familiar to the readers of Harper's publications, has received a pleasant souvenir of his visit to Germany, which is not without value as an evidence of the fidelity of his work. It is the photograph of the Emperor, in a frame bearing the imperial arms and the imperial autograph. Mr. Remington was given every facility to study the German soldier, and this portrait of the "War Lord," in which, by-the-way, he is clad in the uniform of the cuirassiers, will be appreciated not only by the dashing and faithful artist, who has much of the soldier in his character as in his art, but also by his many friends.

It is becoming plainer every day that Mayor Gilroy either utterly fails to apprehend the situation in which Street-cleaning Commissioner Brennan has involved him, or else is determined not to do his duty. When asked to make a thorough inquiry into Brennan's ridiculous and outrageous mismanagement, he shelters himself and shelters his appointee behind the narrowest construction of rules governing technical evidence in a legal trial. He refuses to hear anybody but counsel, he confines the counsel for the people to what he chooses to define as the limits of the case, and in every way behaves as if he had no duty in the matter on his own account. He has made a great mistake, for by doing this he practically assumes responsibility for Brennan, and for all that Brennan has done, or refused, or neglected, or been unable, by reason of stupidity or ignorance, to do. He was asked to make a fair and searching inquiry. For what purpose? To enlighten his mind and obtain facts on which to act. He chooses to decline to do this, and affects to carry on a trial. But if it be a trial, it is he who is being tried, and the verdict is clearly against him, and is rendered by himself. Back of all which lies this fundamental fact, that Mr. Gilroy is a creature of the Tammany machine, and that, however he may wish to do his duty, he dares not do it. "All roads," was the proud saying in the time of the empire, "lead to Rome"; but the time came when every enemy, by whatever road he set out, marched on Rome. In New York to-day every effort to break down bad city government sooner or later must be directed to Tammany, and to the spoils system by which Tammany lives.

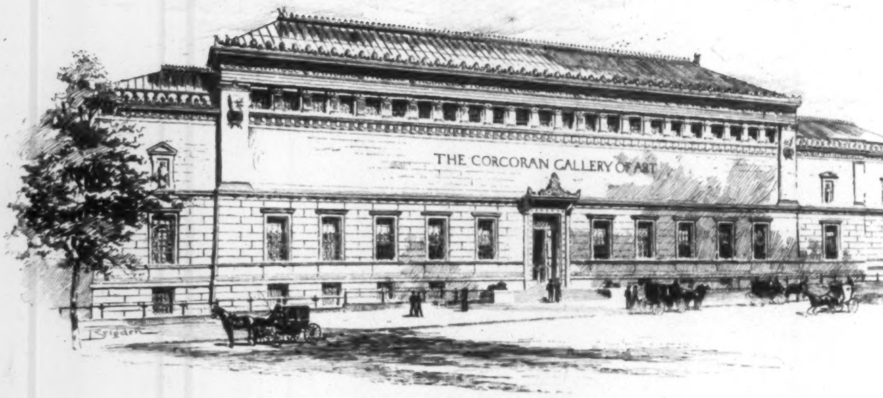
The Fine Arts Society has found, on getting in all the bills and settling all accounts, a balance to the good from the recent loan exhibition of some five thousand dollars, and this about doubles the sinking fund to apply to its indebtedness. As the total debt had been consolidated and funded at a moderate rate of interest, this is a very good showing indeed for so young a society. It bids fair to enter on its next year with not more than forty per cent. net of debt against the heavy outlay for instalment. This manifestation of sound business management, of prudence and foresight and energy, with the zeal for the attainment of the highest standards in all directions, is extremely gratifying. It will undoubtedly encourage those who are inclined to aid in the noble work the society has undertaken, while it leaves ample scope for further contributions. The success of the first loan exhibition, undertaken under quite unfavorable conditions in some regards, leads the officers of the society to hope to be able to hold another before very long—a hope in which all lovers of art will heartily share. In that case it is probable that plans will be laid to have an exhibition of eight weeks instead of five. This would not only be more profitable to the society, since much of the expense is as great for a short term as for a long one, but the essential purpose of the exhibition will be better served, its lasting value depending not only on the number who visit it, but even more on the number who can visit it repeatedly.

The appeal of the Russian Stepniak to the American people against the extradition treaty with Russia is a strong one. Unfortunately, the American people have no real and direct voice in the matter, or in any matter regulated by treaty. The power rests with the President and Senate. In this case the President who negotiated and the majority of the Senate who ratified the treaty have been changed by popular vote, and a President of another party is to decide on its promulgation, but in these changes popular opinion gains no necessary influence as to the treaty. Undoubtedly Mr. Cleveland will give what he deems due weight to such expression of opinion as may reach him; but, on the one hand, that opinion cannot be well informed as to a treaty that has been given to the public only in very small part; and, on the other, he may well be embarrassed by the possible interpretation put by the government of Russia upon adverse action taken at so late a stage, when the promulgation of the treaty may seem to that government only a matter of form. The radical difficulty—we should say the radical vice—of the whole procedure is in the secrecy with which such negotiations are completed. There is no sound reason of which we are aware why the treaty should not have been made public when it was submitted to the Senate, or why the Senate should not have discussed it in public. Had this been done, the opinion of the country could have been intelligently formed, and could have been given the influence to which it was entitled. There can be no valid arguments for the treaty that the country could not have been made to understand; and since it was essentially a political treaty, public opinion is a force that ought to be considered. The whole affair is only another instance added to the innumerable list of the mischievous effects of the secret action of the Senate.

When the building of a town enters as an incident into the plan of an industrial enterprise, some conception of its magnitude may be formed. This is reported to be a feature of a new association for the production of the finer forms of iron and steel for construction of buildings, bridges, etc., and the manufacture of armor plates, and possibly naval armament. The scheme originates in Ohio, but embraces powerful interests in Pennsylvania and Illinois. The capital employed will necessarily be very large, but there is no reason to regard the enterprise, if properly conceived and managed, as hazardous. The United States, with only the home market to rely upon, has within the last three years taken the lead from Great Britain in the production of iron. In 1892 we produced 40 per cent. more than the English, and 40 per cent. of all the iron of the principal countries of the world. This is a rank that we may not be able to maintain, but the chances are that we shall, though we may not keep so far in advance of our chief competitor. What is especially worth noting in this new enterprise is that it is the iron-masters' practical response to the decision of the people in the late elections that the policy of high protection in the United States must gradually but surely be given up. Men of means do not stake tens of millions on the success of business undertakings if these depend upon a doomed fiscal policy. And as a matter of fact, speaking in the old Yankee phrase "by and large," no considerable industry in this country does depend on the government's policy, but on American energy, intelligence, skill, and resources.

THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART.

Among the best-known and most interesting public collections of paintings in this country is the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington, which must ever remain as a mighty monument to the memory of its founder. A new gallery is in course of erection, which will occupy the entire block on Seventeenth Street between New York Avenue and E Street. The building will extend about 150 feet on E Street and New York Avenue, respectively, the front on Seventeenth Street being 285 feet. The style of the building is Neo-Grec, designed by Ernest Flagg, of New York. The basement will be of granite, and white marble is to be used above. The main entrance on Seventeenth Street will be reached by a broad flight of steps, and on either side of the doorway two great lions, fashioned in bronze after those by Canova which grace the tomb of Clement XIII. in St. Peter's. The doors are to be of oak covered by bronze plates, and above the entrance will be chiselled in the marble "The Corcoran Gallery of Art." The roof is of copper, and hipped, having a great skylight for the galleries. The outer vestibule of the main building will be decorated with pilasters and sculpture, while the second vestibule will open from either side into a ticket-office and cloak-rooms. Beyond this will be a great gallery, 50 feet in width and 200 feet in length, where will be exhibited the casts of famous works. This room will be open to the roof, surrounded on all four sides by a gallery supported by colonnades. On the lower floor will be other galleries, together with rooms and offices for the accommodation of the officers of the building. The picture-gallery is gained by a great staircase directly opposite the main entrance. There are eight large rooms, from fifty to seventy-five feet in length, forming in all a fine suite, with each opening into the gallery encircling the central hall. The entire building will be thoroughly fire-proof, and will be a great addition to the city.


THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART
Brigden

THE NEW CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Ernest Flagg, Architect.

THE NEW YORK "TIMES."

The changes that will take place in the *Times* newspaper of this city under the "New York Times Publishing Company," as announced on the 13th, are apparently confined largely to the business department, with which the general public has only an indirect concern. Mr. George F. Spinney, who becomes the publisher, has been for some years the managing news editor of the paper. His reputation for energy, alertness, judgment, and high personal character is established. The editor-in-chief is Mr. Charles R. Miller, who has held that post for ten years, and will bring to the direction of the larger resources and more varied activity of the journal the strong qualities that have given it such marked influence in the past. What these are may be inferred when it is recalled that his control began on the eve of the great political struggle of 1884, and included the still more signal struggle of last year. The courage, force, firmness, and integrity of purpose that in this exceedingly trying period have given the *Times* the rank it has steadily held in the daily press of the United States are equal to any demands that the future may make.

The career of the *Times* has been a marked one. Established in 1851 by the late George Jones and Henry J. Raymond, as publisher and editor respectively, it was before, during, and after the war, for fifteen years, a zealous, somewhat conservative, and always an independent advocate of the principles of the Republican Union party. Mr. Raymond's detestation of party discipline and his aversion to extreme views led him and the paper into the so-called Johnson movement, from which it had hardly recovered when Mr. Raymond died. Then followed a period in which the *Times* was the most prominent advocate of the prompt and thorough reform of the currency and tax system of the war-time, and the opponent of radical treatment of the South. In 1871 the magnificent fight against the Tweed, Fisk, and Gould rings resulted in their merciless exposure and utter overthrow. The nomination of Mr. Greeley in 1872 left the *Times* the leading Republican paper of the country, and its attitude toward the party for the next decade was more cordial than at any time since the war, but throughout that time it remained the uncompromising advocate of sound money, of broad nationality, of efficient reunion of the sections divided by war, of tariff reform, and of civil service reform. It was, in fact, the recognized champion of all the great principles which HARPER'S WEEKLY at the same time upheld, and both worked as long as it was possible to work for reform within the party.

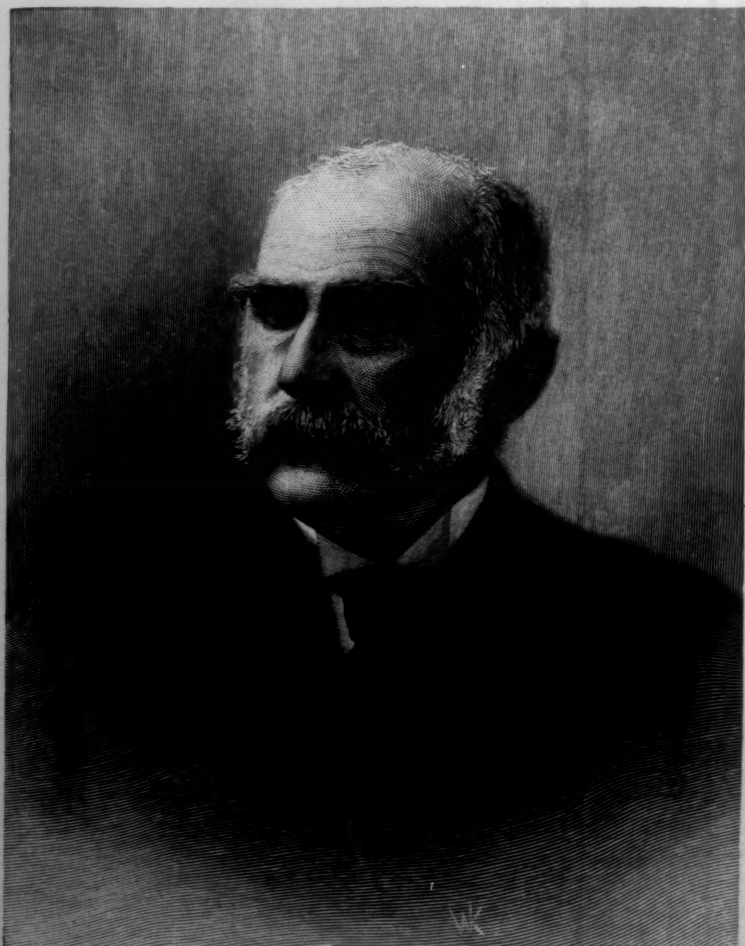
In 1884, following the same guiding principle as did the WEEKLY, the *Times* sustained the candidacy of Mr. Cleveland, and has done so with entire candor and independence since. It now announces that it "will be a Democratic newspaper," devoted, as in the past, to "the principles and policies that were emphatically approved by the people in the Presidental election of 1892," and pledging its "counsel and criticism" "to help the party to maintain them and broaden their sway." In municipal affairs it will seek to "bring about better and purer government," and "considerations of party or of faction will not stand in the way."

THE NATION'S GUEST.

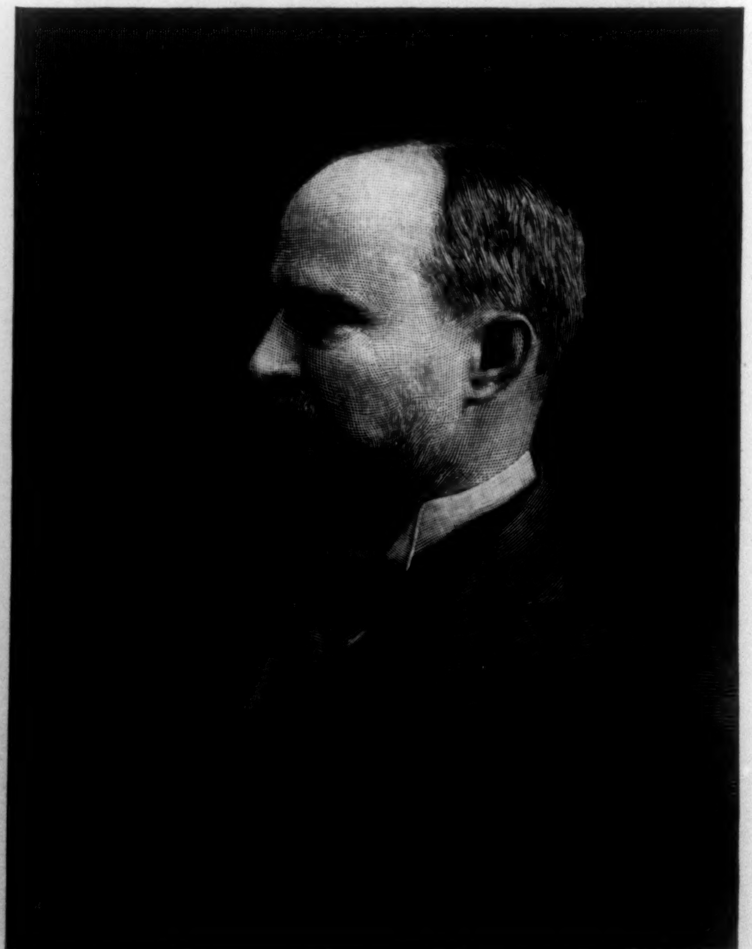
If the United States as a nation has entertained a guest since Lafayette's last visit till now, the writer cannot recall it. The present guest, Duque de Veragua, is the President of the Spanish Commission to the World's Columbian Exposition, and also a lineal descendant of Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of this continent. The honors now bestowed upon him in America are due both to his descent and to his official position. His full name is Cristobal Colon de Toledo y Larreategui de la Corda Ramires de Baquedana y Gante. His titles are: Admiral and Adelantado Mayor de las Indias, Duque de Veragua y de la Vega, Marquis of Jamaica, Grandee of Spain, Senator of the Kingdom, Caballero de la Insigne Orden del Toison de Oro, Gran Cruz de Carlos III., Gran Cruz de la Concepcion de Villaviciosa, Gentil Hombre de Camara of the late King Don Alfonso XII. and the present Infante King Don Alfonso XIII., Member of the Royal Council of Agriculture, Industry, and Commerce, and President of the Society for the Protection of Children. The first two titles on the list were bestowed upon Christopher Columbus in 1492 by the Catholic Sovereigns, according to the stipulations made by the discoverer before he sailed for America. The titles of Duque de Veragua and Marquis of Jamaica were bestowed upon Columbus's grandson, Don Luis Colon, in 1537. The present Duke was born in Madrid in 1837, and is the ninth Duque de Veragua and eleventh in descent from Columbus.

The Duke arrived in New York on the steamship *New York* on the morning of the 15th instant. He was met down the bay by Commander Dickins, of the United States navy, who had been assigned by the President to act as the Duke's honorary escort while his visit to this country lasts. While the steamship was at Quarantine a committee appointed by the Mayor arrived with a boat and took off the Duke and his family, escorting them to the Waldorf Hotel. In the afternoon the Mayor and Aldermen called and presented the Duke with the freedom of the city. The next day the Duke, escorted by Troop A, of the State National Guard, called at the City Hall to return the visit of the Mayor and Aldermen. On Wednesday afternoon the Duke and Duchess held a great reception at the Waldorf Hotel.

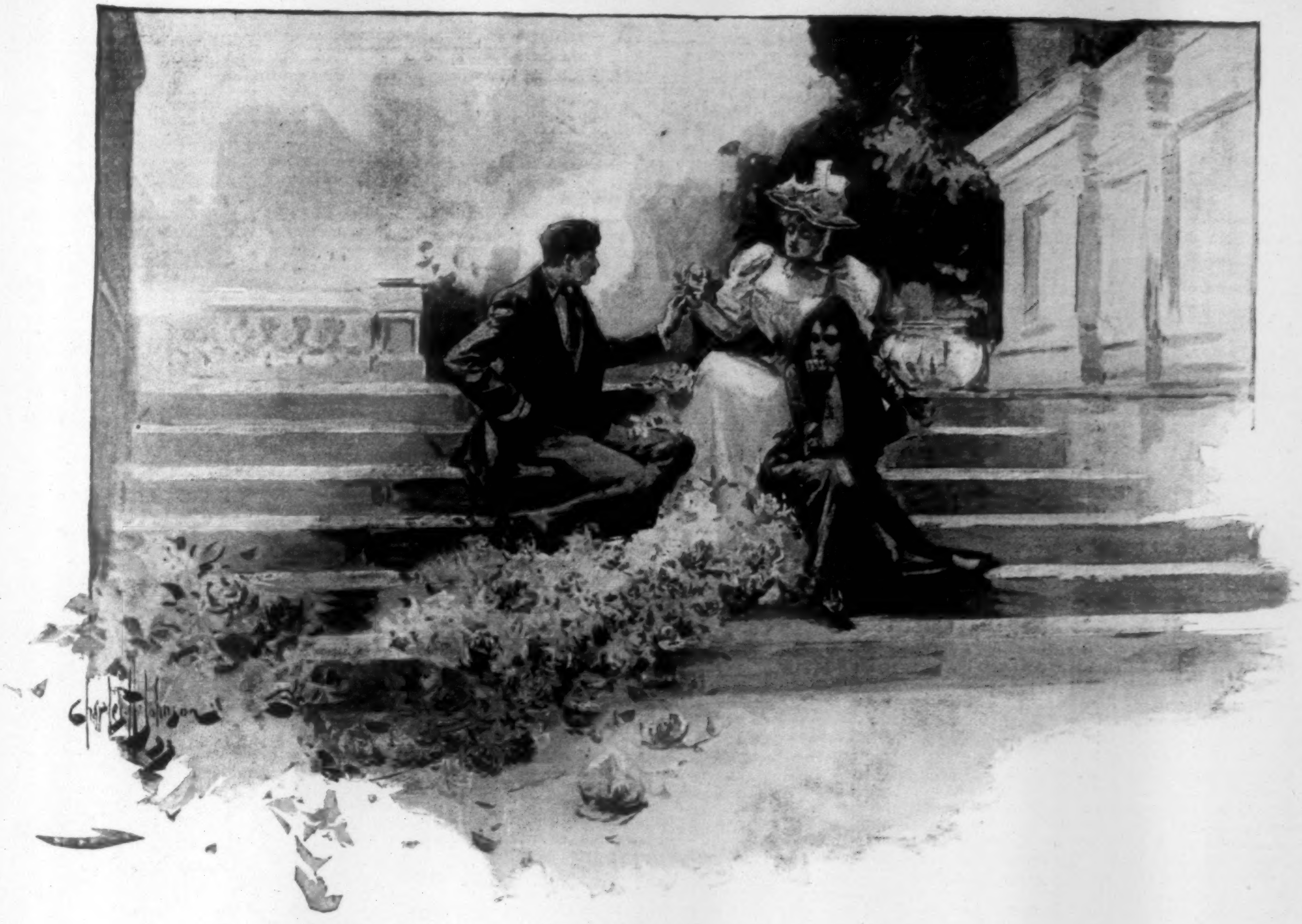
The remainder of the week was occupied by social functions in honor of the Duke, and on Saturday he went to Washington, where he met the President. He was then to return to New York for the naval parade and great ball, and later go to Chicago to witness the opening of the World's Fair on the 1st of May. He is a man of dignity and distinguished courtesy, and has made a most pleasant and favorable impression upon all who have met him. He is accompanied by his wife, brother, son, and daughter.



JAMES C. CARTER,
Of Counsel for the United States before the Bering Sea Court.—[See Page 398.]



CHARLES R. MILLER,
Editor of the New York *Times.*



DOLORES.

BY LOUISE WORTHINGTON.

I.

SEÑOR DON RAFAEL ROMERO, of Sanduval, crossed the Madrileño's terrace and descended the stone steps into the garden; Elizabeth was sitting on a bench under the magnolia-trees, reading; Juan stood in the parlor window, hands in pockets, teeth gleaming through coal-black whiskers in a wicked smile.

A few moments before, Señor Romero came into the parlor to make his first call on the young *Americana*, Juan's handsome sister-in-law, and Juan had sent him into the garden to seek her, knowing very well that Rafael was as ignorant of "the English" as Elizabeth of Spanish. Then he rushed to a window that looked out on the garden path and the bench under the magnolia-trees, and waited.

Elizabeth did not lift her eyes until the Spaniard stood before her, bowing low, hat on heart; then she rose, and, resting her finger-tips on the back of the stone bench, gazed at him, somewhat bewildered.

"*Señorita, me permite su hermano de V. me presentar, Rafael Romero,—que beso los pies de V.!*" he said, rapidly, dropping his dark glance to her feet, then raising it gravely to her face.

"I do not understand Spanish," said the señorita. "Will you speak in English, please?"

Then came the moment of rapture for Juan Madrileño in the window. Romero spoke again, less rapidly, and with frequent gesticulations, for had he not just heard from her brother-in-law's lips that in the fortnight she had been in Spain the *Americana* had mastered the Spanish language, spoke and understood like a native? Elizabeth listened with increasing perplexity. *Por Dios! que gracioso!* how Juan shook and shrugged and laughed in the window! A little longer the futile dialogue went on under the trees, and then the two stood looking at each other in silence.

She saw a short, slight man, dark, very dark, dressed like a dandy, twirling a black mustache, and staring at her almost fiercely.

He saw a tall young woman in white, with hair like thistle down, a face pink and white, and eyes as clear and blue as ice. *Por Dios!* how beautiful she was!

They gazed at each other spellbound. Nothing broke the silence but the drip, drip of a fountain in the orange-tree walk.

A little figure came tripping across the terrace, down the steps, and approached gayly along the violet-bordered path, nodding, smiling, kissing its hand. It was like an entrance on the stage.

"*Buf!* Now Dolores has spoiled it all!" scolded Madrileño in the window, and he stamped, pulled his whiskers, and flung away like a spoiled child deprived of a sugar-plum.

Dolores drew the blond head of her tall American cousin down under her lace mantilla, and kissed her on each cheek.

"*Que graciosa!* they are very warm!" she cried, tapping the pink face with her finger-tips. Then she glanced swiftly at Romero. "*Ay!*" raising voice and eyebrows sharply, "it is very warm day! very warm!" She lifted a huge scarlet fan that hung from her belt by a ribbon, unfurled it, and began to wave it to and fro ostentatiously. Elizabeth and Romero watched her in silence.

"Have you been change to statues?" exclaimed the Spanish girl, half angrily, shifting her black eyes from one conscious face to the other. "*Mira!* I will be the fairy to let you free!" She swept her fan in a magic circle over her head, and laughed a pretty, musical, mirthless laugh, like the laughter of the stage.

As though the movement really had broken a spell, Elizabeth and Romero moved away from each other; she to pluck a bud from an orange-tree, and he to flip at the gravel with his cane.

"I have just come from your sister, who rests from her drive on the Alameda," said Dolores, turning to her cousin; "she beg that I would ask you, *cara mia*, to cut the roses for the dinner-table. I have brought you the seezors."

"Come, then!" cried Elizabeth, and tossing her book on the bench, she turned and walked away briskly between the orange-trees. "What a day, Doloresita! What a sky! What odors! I believe I hardly noticed before!"

"*Ay!* You have been at studying, then," panted the Spanish girl, giving a little run to catch up with her. "Josefa has tole me when you study you do not see nor hear nor feel; and you never rest. She tell me you have taken no nap all this day, *amiga mia!*"

"Nap!" laughed Elizabeth; "why should I nap when I haven't done anything all day but lounge under the trees? We don't nap in America, dear."

Dolores cast back her eyes at Romero, who followed them.

"The señorita thinks we Spaniards are a lazy set," she said in Spanish, shrugging her shoulders.

"Josephine says I eat the rind of my pomegranate and throw away the inside," continued Elizabeth; "but she is translated into Spanish, name and all; she likes all inside; now I think it's insipid."

"*Ay!* She has been at scolding me, too," panted Dolores; "she says I am not political; she is displeased because I have no politics. Is it true, then, that I am too stupid to be political, like you and Josefa, *cara mia?*"

Elizabeth dropped a patronizing glance on the little figure trotting at her side. It was as short and plump as a child's, and it was a child's face that was upturned to hers. Artifice there was in the wasp-waist, the Parisian dress, the high-heeled shoes, the stylish coiffure; but, no! no! none in that innocent upturned face. Elizabeth smiled at the thought.

"You are not stupid, child," she said; "but you are not politic. It makes me laugh to think of your acting a part, Dolores!" And they laughed together. "But come! give me the scissors. I may not understand a pomegranate, but at least I know a perfect rose when I see it."

They had reached the rose garden, a wilderness of mammoth trees, flinging out branches literally crowned with flowers, crimson, yellow, pink; and Elizabeth, pausing, shot an imperative glance back at Señor Romero. He sprang forward and pulled down a stem heavy with great Andalusian roses, and held it while she lifted two arms fit for a statue and snipped off the beauties one by one. They fell heavily to the walk, and she passed on humming a tune, leaving Romero to gather them up and hasten humbly after her. Dolores had stood watching the beak of the scissors snap at the great green stems, one dimpled hand resting on her hip, one swinging her fan by its ribbon; but as Elizabeth turned away and stepped proudly onward, and Rafael stooped to the dust to pick up her roses, the girl's arms dropped at her sides and her mouth gaped. She stood gazing stupidly after them for a moment. Then her teeth suddenly clicked together, and she drew a deep breath through them.

"*Caramba!*" she cried.

They went on along the vista that pierced the tangle of vines, and did not heed her; the white-robed figure would stop, and Romero would leap forward. *Ay de mi!* but it was growing more and more awkward for the señor! At first he managed to tuck his cane under one arm while he reached for the branches, which were always those that soared far aloft, but his burden of roses complicated matters, and he ended by throwing away his cane. At last she had mercy, and came strolling back to Dolores, smiling; Romero followed, both arms laden with a sheaf of thorny stems, his face darkly flushed, his eyes on fire.

They retraced their steps and mounted the crumbling yellow steps of the terrace; Encarnacion, the maid, brought out the great Spanish bowls, and Elizabeth sat down to fill them. Romero flung his burden down beside her, but his work was not finished yet. She waited for him to hand her the roses one by one; when he comprehended and proffered one, she put out a hand for it, then hesitated, looking from its huge thorns to her smooth white fingers. The don drew a tiny knife from his pocket, shaved the stem clean, and offered it again, when it was graciously accepted. Thus it went on, and there were so many roses! Dolores sat at their feet and rolled her eyes up at them, furiously biting the edge of her fan.

When the work was finished, Elizabeth for the first time looked Romero in the face.

"I cannot thank you," she said; "you wouldn't understand me; and besides, I don't know your name. Dolores, we have never been introduced!"

"*Ay!*" cried Dolores, sharply, closing her fan with a clash. Her Spanish reverence for etiquette was touched to the quick; she hastened to begin an elaborate presentation of Señor Rafael Romero y Sanduval to Señorita Elisabeta Goddard, half in Spanish, half in English, for the benefit of both sides—but she stopped short, and the introduction was never finished; they were not listening to her; what did it matter?

Elizabeth was swaying a crimson rose by its stem, and she swung it up to her lips and looked over its leaves at Romero, her eyes laughing; he stood on the step below, hat in hand; then she lifted the rose from her lips and gave it to him. Romero was not a tall man, but his grace and grandiloquent bearing gave him presence; at the moment when he bent to take the rose he seemed superb. Most Spaniards would have caught the flower to their lips, crushed it against their hearts; but Romero did neither. His dark eyes flashed, grew eloquent; then they met those of Dolores over the top of her fan. Was it possible that was a gleam of satire in those child eyes of Dolores? Romero drew himself up, and, twirling his mustache jauntily, held the rose at arm's-length and looked at it critically; he was at once a coxcomb, smug, debonair; and when he finally took the lapel of his coat between his thumb and forefinger and drew the stem through the button-hole, it was with the air of a man admitting the beauty of the rose, but asserting at the same time that the button-hole was worthy.

II.

"*Por la estrella mas clara*
que hay allá arriba,
Juro que he de quererte
toda mi vida,"

sang Romero, brushing the backs of his finger-tips back and forth across his guitar, and rolling his black eyes up at the moon.

A group of guests sat on the Madrileño's terrace, sipping cordial and gossiping in the moonlight; women whispered together under their mantillas, fans swinging, slippers tapping in time with the music; men strutted about or lounged against the huge stone vases, sending up threads of silver smoke from their fragrant *cigarretos*.

Elizabeth sat on the top steps of the terrace, with Dolores by her side; Romero had flung himself at their feet.

"What is he singing, *niña?*" asked the American, softly, leaning forward and fixing her eyes on the Spaniard's dark profile. In her filmy white dress, with her silvery hair and milk-white skin, she looked like the spirit of the moonlight; there was some of its witchery in her eyes, too, as they beamed on Romero; but the singer persistently addressed his own to the moon, whom he seemed to be besieging with the passionate words of his song.

"'By the star the most bright which there is there above, I swear that I *must* love thee all my life!'" translated Dolores.

Rafael: "*Mas me vale en tus labios*
una sonrisa,
que todos los placeres
que hallé en la vida."

Dolores: "'More is worth to me from thy lips a smile, than all the pleasures that there are in life.'"

Rafael: "*Eres, aunque no quieras,*
quien vela y guia
los sueños y caprichos
del alma mia."

Dolores: "'Thou art, although thou desirest it not, the one who watches over and guides the dreams and fancies of this soul of mine.'"

Suddenly he turned, and looked her full in the eyes—what she had been trying to bewitch him to do, but now she quailed before the audacity of his gaze.

"*Con esos mismos ojos*
con que hoy me miras,
quisiera me miraras
toda la vida,"—he sang.

"'With those same eyes with which to-day you look at me,'" said Dolores, with a catch in her voice, "'I would that you would look at me all my life.'"

Elizabeth gave a little tremulous sigh.

"Tell him not to stop, Dolores," she murmured.

"'If it please thee that I sing, all my life making songs I will pass,'" came the musical response.

Again the little sigh.

Romero flung his hand across the guitar strings and woke a wail of despair.

"'Although you see me sing, sings only the mouth, for in my heart I have pain, and no little.'" Dolores' eyes were tragic as she turned them to Elizabeth's delicately agitated face.

"Do not be so triste, *cara,*" she cooed, flinging an arm across her cousin's lap, "*it is only a song.*"

Elizabeth started from her dream as though she had been stung, averted her face, and laughed nervously.

"True; it is foolish," she murmured. "It is only a song, and you Spaniards say so much more than you mean."

Dolores leaned forward and tapped Romero's arm with her fan; he, too, awoke, snatched his bewitched eyes from the moon spirit's face, and turned them to Dolores.

"The señorita says that it is pretty—for a song," said she in Spanish; "but we Spaniards sing lies, she says, and it is—" she shrugged her shoulders and spread her palms, "only a song."

Romero laid aside his guitar.

"*Hola! hola!*" came from the terrace in applause. "*Ay!*" "*Hola!*" "*Gracias, señor!*" "*Gracias, Rafael!*" "*Hola! hola!*" and the soft clapping of hands.

III.

A wind blew straight down from the snow-topped mountains. It was cold, cold! The Spaniards gathered their cloaks about them, shivering, and cried that it was "*horriblemente!*"

Elizabeth sat in the marble-floored parlor spreading her hands over a brazier filled with live coals; Josefa was sleeping among the silk pillows of a couch at the other end of the room, when Juan ushered in Rafael Romero.

"I have taken him down to see the vine-dressers," said Madrileño, with a mock obeisance to his sister-in-law. "I have taken him to the monkey cage, and still he is not amused. He prefers to be talking with you. He so much enjoys those little talks with you." Then turning to Romero: "I will leave you to your *tête-à-tête*, señor, and do not believe her if she tells you that she cannot speak Spanish; it is her modesty; she talks as well as I do," and he sauntered from the room, smiling under his black whiskers, just turning in the doorway to lift a warning finger and to whisper, "Don't talk too loud or you will wake Josefa."

They looked at each other and smiled, then sat down opposite each other and looked at the brazier.

Elizabeth gently chafed her hands and stretched them over the coals; Romero bent his grave gaze on them, looked up, met her eyes, and his own suddenly became radiant. "Beautiful, *Salada!*" they said.

She shivered a little. He brought a silk scarf from the lounge and put it about her shoulders. Her eyes thanked him.

She threw herself back in her chair, wound her arms in the silken folds, and looked out of the window at the terrace, where the storm was scattering a snow of orange blossoms. He watched her. She wore a white dress, her hair shone like silk, her eyes were like the Mediterranean, even her eyebrows and lashes were pale gold—a defect in color to most critics, to Romero, ravishing. When she turned her glance to him again there was something in his intent, dark face that made her tingle. They looked at each other in silence;—a tapping of little heels in the tiled hall, and Dolores burst into the room like a gust of cold air. Her hair was blown about her glowing face, her eyes sparkled like jet; she ran to the brazier, laughing like a child, and knelt by Elizabeth, and began to rub her hands over the coals.

"*Buf!* It is cold, *cara mia,*" she cried; "I have come all the long way to see you, Elisabeta, for Leopoldo told me that Josefa said you are going back to America soon, *soon;*" the jet eyes glittered as she raised them to Elizabeth's face. "*Ay de mí!* I shall be desolate when you go to America, *amiga mia!*"

She caught a hand under the silk scarf, and snatching it to her lips, kissed it passionately. Elizabeth looked down on her unmoved.

"*Ay!* You too are cold," pouted Dolores, shivering and drawing her cloak about her. "Señor Romero," she said in Spanish, "I tell the señorita she is as cold as the day; she has not a sigh nor a tear, and yet she is going away—to America."

Elizabeth did not see the spasm of pain cross his face, except as it flashed over Doloresita's, as over a mirror.

"My dear," she said, calmly, "they say you Southerners feel more than we do, but I don't believe it. You talk more about it, that's all. In Spain you dash your caps on the ground and trample on them, meaning eternal devotion and all that sort of thing. The next day you get a new cap—and a new object of devotion. In America we are ashamed of feeling, we laugh when we feel most, but"—she pressed her hands together tightly under the scarf—"we feel!"

Romero watched her intently; Dolores darted furtive glances from one face to the other.

"The señorita will never believe," she said in mellow Andalusian, "that we Spaniards can love and be true; she says we talk much of our feelings. *Buf!* Nothing but lies! To-day one casts his cap on the ground and swears eternal devotion; to-morrow—he has forgotten."

Romero gave a fierce twirl to his mustache.

"In America they do not lie," the little interpreter went on; "but—they do not feel. We must not blame her, Rafael. She is not in fault; she has an American heart."

"How many Spaniards were lured there with hopes of discovering rich treasures of gold," said Romero, bitterly, "and died of starvation!"

"*Ay!* they were fools!" cried Dolores. "They could have found food in Spain."

Elizabeth watched them jealously. Dolores' prettiness gave her a pang. She had never looked so pretty. A hood lined with scarlet fell back from her head, her blue-black hair was rumpled on her forehead, a rich carmine stained her lips and olive skin. The black eyes turned suddenly and caught the expression in the blue ones. Then she knew she held a trump card for the end of the game.

"Señor Romero says you Americans disappoint," she said, sweetly. "You promise riches—much; you give—" She shrugged her shoulders and held out two empty hands.

Elizabeth knit her brows and pondered. Romero watched her with melancholy eyes.

"Señorita!" he burst out suddenly, turning to Dolores with flashing eyes, "tell her we are not all so, we Spaniards. One casts at her feet his heart, and, should she spurn it, can never forget."

Dolores spread her little fat hands over the brazier, and studied them gravely.

"Señor Romero says," she began, with shy hesitancy—"Señor Romero says that it is not always as you say, not always as you do see it, *cara mia.* Sometimes they lay their hearts truly at the feet of a beloved one, these Spaniards, and her they will never forget. I think," she added, looking up swiftly at Elizabeth's listening face, and then dropping her eyelids coyly, "I think he means he—self."

"Ah!" said the American, coldly, "so there is a beloved in the case. Who is it, Dolores?"

Dolores flashed a smile into the steady blue eyes, lifted her eyebrows, and shrugged her shoulders.

"Is it you?" asked Elizabeth, with honest directness.

"*Por Dios!*" cried the Spanish girl. Blushing, she pulled the scarlet hood up over her head, trying to hide her smiling lips in its border, and flashing a glance from the corners of her eyes at Romero. He met it with one of appeal. "Give me one word of hope!" it seemed to say.

Dolores dropped her eyes and sighed.

"Ah! I see," said Elizabeth, "and he has been trying to make you jealous by playing with me. A very pretty game." Then turning a cold, disdainful face to Rafael, "I am afraid you are a flirt," she said, laughed flippantly, and tossing the scarf from her shoulders, rose and sauntered to the window, humming a toreador's song.

Dolores echoed her words.

She never knew what answer he made; she did not see him make his magnificent bow and take his leave; she just caught a glimpse of him muffling his cloak about him and holding down his sombrero in the wind, as he skirted a corner of the terrace and turned down the driveway.

IV.

The day before she left, Elizabeth took a last walk in the garden; the work of the storm was on every side—gaps in the yellow wall, already half-demolished by an earthquake, ragged palm leaves, oranges, and orange blossoms strewn together along the walk. Yet to-day wore a glorious smile. That was the way in Spain!

She plucked a great rose and came back to the stone seat under the magnolias. She sat there all the afternoon with an open book on her knee, but he did not come. In the evening she stole away from the others on the terrace—those noisy, laughing, vexing others—and came back to her bench. A crescent moon was caught in the leaves of a palm-tree; a nightingale was singing somewhere; up from the garden came a breeze stifling with the scent of orange blossoms. He did not come.

The next day, when the American stood at the station bidding everybody good-by, *adios*, weeping señoritas falling on her neck, languishing dons bending over her hand, servants calling down blessings on her pretty yellow head, a messenger hastened up and handed her a great bunch of Andalusian roses, huge beauties, ravishingly sweet; a card attached bore a few words in Spanish.

"Read it to me, Dolores!" commanded Elizabeth. The Spanish girl sobbed on her shoulder, but her black eyes had spied the card and read it before it even caught her cousin's eye; however, she took it demurely and read aloud through her tears: "To the most radiant, the most cold; from the most humble, the most proud. [Signed] A Flirt."

Elizabeth laughed.

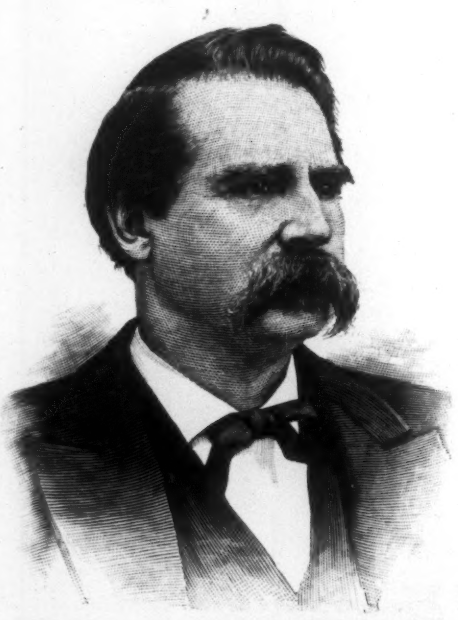
"Very neat," she said; "but it will be too big for me to carry with all my traps—the bouquet; here, you take it, Dolores; I will keep the card—to remember him by!"

SMOKING-CARS ON THE CHICAGO LIMITED.

A STORY was told several years ago of a restless and ordinarily sleepless man who discovered that he could find rest in a sleeping-car and repose quietly at night in a berth in a way that had long been denied to him in a proper bed. Having discovered this, he arranged his business so that he spent his time riding back and forth from New York to Chicago. He slept well at night, and during the day he wrote the letters that would have engaged his time had he been in his own office. Probably this story was the work of the imagination of some one who created it to express his appreciation of the comforts of modern railway travel. This story is several years old. Had the inventor waited till now to construct his yarn, he would probably have made it even stronger than he did, for what was considered the height of luxury half a dozen years or so ago, when these quick and exclusive trains were first adopted, would be considered only common and second-rate nowadays, since the adoption of the vestibules which make a line of cars seem but one car, and since the smoking-car, which formerly was rather a bleak and uncomfortable place, has been improved and improved until it has in it all of the comforts and luxuries to be found in a club or a first-class hotel. The traveller, while covering space at a rate beyond forty miles an hour, can take a bath as comfortably as though he were at home, and have all of the peculiar attentions as to shaving, hair-cutting, and shampooing which railway travel makes grateful if not absolutely necessary.

But the smoking-cars on the limited trains to Chicago have other comforts besides the barber shop and the bath room. The chairs are luxuriously upholstered, and the traveller who cannot be comfortable in one of them is hard indeed to satisfy. And then there are books and the best weekly newspapers. The books, by-the-way, are generally very well selected, and if the newest novels are not to be found, there are plenty of old friends to be had for the asking. The books in the smoking-car libraries are in striking contrast to those vapid and lurid tales that the book-peddler on an ordinary train recommends with so much voluble assurance.

The extra charge for all the comforts of the limited trains to and from Chicago is only about ten per cent. more than the ordinary fare. This does not seem excessive, and it is no wonder that these trains are the best patronized of all hose running between the two great cities. J. G. S.



THE NEW MINISTER TO TURKEY.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND sent to the Senate on April 13th the nomination of Alexander W. Terrell, of Texas, to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to Turkey. Alexander W. Terrell was born in Patrick County, Virginia, November 3, 1829. His parents were both of native birth, of English and German descent respectively. The family removed to Missouri in 1832, where Judge Terrell received his education, graduating from the University of Missouri. He then took up the study of law, and was admitted to the bar at St. Joseph in 1849. Four years later he moved to Austin, Texas, and since that time has continued to reside in that State. In 1857 the young man was elected Judge of the Second Judicial District, and filled the post with honor. Judge Terrell was in sympathy with the movement for secession, but took no active part in the proceedings owing to his position on the bench. Upon expiration of his term of office, however, he entered the Confederate Army as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Thirty-fourth Texas Cavalry. He became Colonel later, and at the close of the war commanded a brigade. After a short residence in Houston he returned to Austin, where his home now is. Judge Terrell was twice elected to the State Senate of Texas, and made a brilliant record. He has long been a prominent man in the State, and is regarded as a speaker of force and an earnest student of political economy. During the last campaign Judge Terrell made many able speeches in support of the Democratic candidates.

ART AND THE PEOPLE.

LOWER New York has had its free exhibition of good paintings. In Whitechapel it is a regular yearly event, under the auspices of Toynbee Hall. In the North End of Boston a similar enterprise was carried out last winter; and now in the same city the "South End Free Art Exhibition" is drawing to a most successful close.

The success of the exhibition is not measured wholly in terms of the criticisms let fall by visitors; for one small boy, standing before a Monet, remarked, "The fellow that printed that ain't no good"; and another critic, of larger growth, declared of a beautiful portrait by one of the very chiefest of American painters, "Ha! ye can see no professional done *that.*"

But another man testified, "This show lays all over the Art Museum; its *fresher goods.*" And if numbers speak for anything, the average attendance of nearly fifteen hundred people a day should not pass without mention. Of these crowds, too, it has been delightful to see how many have taken very genuine and intelligent interest in the pictures.

The idea of opening free exhibitions of pictures for a term of weeks in the parts of a city where all uplifting influences are most needed but least accessible followed naturally in the footsteps of University Settlements. It is no strange thing, then, that in the conduct of the Boston exhibition—set down in a part of the city densely crowded, and pitiably lacking in social cohesion of any sort—the Andover House and the Women's College Settlement have taken an active part. The committee responsible for the exhibition, however, was made up of people of many interests—artists, business and professional men, and women given to good works. More than a month ago they had secured the loan of over a hundred of the best pictures in Boston, and on the 13th of March Lieutenant-Governor Roger Walcott formally opened the exhibition, to be continued from noon till ten o'clock at night of every day, including Sundays, for four weeks. The city gave the use of the large ward-room in the old Franklin School-house, at Washington Street below Dover, free of charge.

A London working-man is said to have come out of a free picture show with the double complaint, "The pictures staggered me, but the explanations made me sick." He referred to the notes in the catalogue pointing out the beauties of special pictures. If the "explanations" of the Boston pictures have made any visitors "sick," there has been no announcement of the fact. On the contrary, it is thought that the catalogues, which have been extensively sold for two cents apiece, have added greatly to the interest of the exhibition. And even of more importance has been the constant attendance of persons holding themselves ready to talk with any approachable or approaching visitors.

There were many volunteers for this service—art students, Wellesley College girls, young women of society, artists, men from the Andover House, and women from the College Settlement. Few of them probably got through their first afternoon or evening without the feeling that it was mere impertinence on their part to trap any unwary visitor into talk. But a few hours' experience must have shown each and every attendant how silly such notions were. It soon became the most natural thing in the world to say a word to man, woman, or boy, and it has usually been the attendant's fault if after that first word a most interesting conversation did not flow rapidly forth.

Jerome says that in stage-land people who chance to meet never ask each other to come and have something, as they might in real life, but, instead, always offer to sit down and tell the stories of their lives. So, almost, has it been at this art exhibition. If a man is seen studying a marine picture, and you happen to say a word to him about it, before you know it he is telling you how he ran away to sea, and everything that has befallen him since. If it is the "Village Smithy" which engages his attention—and this picture of Henry Sandham's, by-the-way, has been the great popular success of the exhibition—the visitor points out some accuracy or trivial slip of detail, and then by a few easy steps is in the midst of a talk upon the trade. Quite aside from the hints upon art and appreciation which the attendant may be able to give, these informal natural talks with men, women, and children of every grade have surely done a world of good in showing both parties to the conversation that there are acres of common ground on which almost any two people may meet. And the person who has come, perhaps, with an exalted idea of the instruction he was to impart goes away asking himself if he is not the instructed.

The fact that everybody has been asked to cast a ballot for the picture he likes best has greatly bridged over the gap between visitors and attendants. Very interesting has it been to observe the preferences of the voters, nearly all of whom have taken their right of suffrage as seriously as a first Presidential vote. The men—largely, of course, of the laboring class—have stood by the "Village Smithy." Some of them, especially those freshest from school, have quoted Longfellow at the canvas. Not a few have said, "Just look at the light on that smithy's right arm"; and even more have remarked: "That picture's dead right. I've been there myself." The women have voted heavily for "Sleeping Innocence," a nude child, by Léon Perrault, and for A. H. Munsell's portrait of the little deaf-mute Helen Keller. Miss Elizabeth Strong's "Correy," a portrait of a spaniel, has been a great favorite with children; and when, one afternoon, the real Correy, in flesh and blood, was brought to the hall by his owner, the children's glee was unbounded. The large attendance of children has been due in part to the public-school teachers of the neighborhood, who have told their pupils to write compositions about pictures.

But it is not alone the pictures of limited appeal to the imagination that people have selected as the best. An exquisite copy of Botticelli's "Tobias and the Angels" has won many votes. W. M. Hunt's famous "Drummer Boy" stands now higher on the list; a "Family Scene in Italy" by Gaetano, a few French landscapes, and a "Country House," by Denis Bunker, have had a liberal share of admiration and ballots. If there have been "repeaters" among the boys, there was, on the other hand, no Tammany candidate to be defeated, and, on the whole, the ballot will show with tolerable clearness the drift of unbiassed and, be it said, untutored opinion on the merits of the pictures.

The exhibition has been eminently a success, and is more than likely to be repeated next year. The total number of visitors will be in the neighborhood of 40,000. Though many have been led to visit the Art Museum through this exhibition, it would be idle to say that any strong artistic impulse has been given to the majority of these people; but into the minds and souls of hundreds of them a light has surely come from another world—a world in which sordidness and toil are not the only things of moment, and where it may be seen that there is other work to be done besides that of brawn.

And of the people in their own city the visitors to the exhibition have learned something worth learning. To some of them it was almost inexplicable that nobody was making any money out of the enterprise, that no picture-dealers or advertisers or impecunious artists were concerned. One of these doubters, at last persuaded that the whole affair was free from selfishness in any form, remarked, with the solemnity of reluctant conviction, "Well, it does look as if somebody in the world thought of somebody else some time."

M. H.

A VISIT TO THE PARIS SEWERS.

As our two cabs drove into the Place de la Madeleine, a small knot of people collected just in front of the church indicated the object of our search. Yes, that must be the place, for, see! several of the people hold pink tickets in their hands, like ours.

A sort of tent had been erected over the opening, supported by four posts with a railing round, over which hung as many interested lookers-on as the rail could well accommodate; others peered between and over the shoulders of their more fortunate neighbors.

Only one or two possessors of permits besides ourselves had yet arrived, so we took our places at the head of the line. Most of the crowd, it seemed, were like the brotherhood of the rail, merely passers-by arrested by the unusual look of things. The sewers are open but seldom, and to few at a time.

A blue-coated official guarded the top of a narrow slimy-looking stone stairway, which disappeared into inky blackness. Now and then men dressed all in white would spring up from this cavity, and others disappear down into it. Gradually the ticket-holders increased in number, till the hour for descending arrived. There were about fifty, two-thirds French; the women, in stylish costumes, light bonnets, and high heels, hardly suggested an exploration of the sewers.

Our party was the first to start the descent. Six or eight steps brought us to a turning, the way growing slimier, blacker, at each step. Carefully holding up skirts, we reach the big black mouth. Two pairs of white arms dart out from it. A voice calls, "Approchez!" I am grabbed by both arms, and find myself being handed into an enormous black something like a canal-boat, with leather cushions all round the sides. We stumble into place in silent amazement at the quite unearthly scene which, not twenty steps down from the brilliancy of Paris, has unfolded itself.

Coming suddenly from such total darkness, the lights all along the sides of the boats were blinding. But quickly becoming used to it, we saw this long black stream of turbid water stretching on indefinitely, the arched roof not far above our heads, with its perfect net-work of pipes, a narrow stone walk on either side of the water, on which were ranged the white-robed individuals we had noticed above, now looking like so many ghosts, standing motionless, with the long ropes in their hands by which we were to be propelled along. Just over their heads on each side ran a great pipe like an enormous snake. In much less time than it takes to tell, and while seated in silent wonder, our boat had filled up, the captain taken his position in the stern, a horn sounded a ghostly signal, the ropes tightened in the hands of the men on either side, and we were moved on to make room for the other boats to come up and receive their loads.

Besides the gas jets on the boats, there were others bordering both sides of the canal at short intervals, diminishing in the distance till they became mere pin-heads of lights, a weird and extremely picturesque scene as we stood up a moment and looked back upon it (there were four boats besides our own, such low, black, mysterious-looking crafts, with their incongruous load of gayly dressed passengers!). The muffled sounds of the horns, and silent white figures of the crews, carried the imagination into all kinds of strange similes. The Inferno and river Styx! But nothing seemed quite to hit it.

The man who is always late kept us fifteen minutes sitting there, but finally the start was made in earnest. Instantly there came the sound of rushing water above and from all sides; it seemed about to break through upon us; the inky river, so sluggish before we started, now gurgled up over the prows, and the whole effect was of very rapid motion. The white figures bent 'way forward over the ropes, almost running, their footfalls making a steady unbroken accompaniment to the noise of the waters; the air felt cold and damp about the throat and face. Now and then we came to openings from the street above, with a stream splashing down from them, perhaps sending a few drops of the unpleasant-looking waterfall over us; excepting for this, and occasional drip from a pipe overhead, the French ladies' toilettes stood in no danger.

Presently a number of lights 'way in the distance seemed to collect in the centre of the canal over the water. Some new wonder. On reaching it, it proved to be a portion of the sewer boarded over into a platform. It was brilliantly lighted, with officials in uniforms walking up and down, chatting airily, as if a sewer were as ordinary and agreeable a promenading-place as the Boulevard des Italiens. We were quickly pulled up, and politely handed out upon this unique *salle d'attente*, whereupon every tongue, silent heretofore, broke out in a perfect babel of speech, like the noise ensuing upon the fall of the curtain after the first act of a new play.

When all the boats were emptied, it was quite crowded in the little reception-room. We were at the junction of four sewers, the two running in opposite direction from the way we had come being much narrower and in total darkness. One instinctively disliked the idea of disappearing into these mouths, like entrances to Hades, but there was no way out but on. The people walked up and down, the different languages sounding strangely. Suddenly a new noise added itself to all the others. It was like distant thunder, gradually growing louder and nearer. What underground world had we come into? From out the black opening came some kind of cars (the like never seen before), drawn by more white ghosts, filled with more ladies and gentlemen. Each stopped in front of us; passengers alighted, were handed over into the boats we had just vacated; so on till all the cars were empty. Then we were as quickly handed into them, and started off in silent astonishment once more, while the boats disappeared from sight back in the direction we had come in them.

The cars we now found ourselves in had seats across the front, and others back to back. How the tracks were laid it was impossible to see, but we went very swiftly, drawn by only two men to a car; a long pole extended out in front, with a crossbar at the end, which a man on either side took hold of and pushed. It was now not only much narrower and blacker, but colder and damper; no pipes anywhere; no lights ahead; nothing to see but the two white figures pushing us into apparently endless darkness. How fast they went, seemingly without an effort, never once slackening speed! Finally a tiny point of light *did* appear, looking thousands of miles away, and just as my head began to throb painfully from the dampness and increasing bad odors, and several were complaining of sore throats. It was a wonderful and interesting experience, but we were glad to see that point of light. Suddenly it went out, showing we must have turned a corner. Another five minutes or so and we found ourselves at the junction of an immense sewer brilliantly lighted with gas. It must have been twenty feet wide and equally high, filled with gigantic pipes, and the noise of rushing water was deafening. The cars were turned on a switch without our moving, and we branched off down this new wonder, this Avenue de l'Opéra of sewers, for half a mile or more, when from somewhere the light of day seemed to be struggling thinly down, mingling with the gas and electricity, like one's first awakening sensations after a bad dream.

We saw the first car stationary, people unloading, and with a sigh of some regret, but more relief, knew it was over.

The white ghosts were now wiping their perspiring brows in a very earthly manner, as we too stepped down to the sidewalk and made our way up another winding stone stairs, emerging once more into daylight, and finding ourselves at the other end of Paris, by the brink of the Seine, the centre of a similar crowd of wondering spectators to those who had watched our descent. We had been through the sewers of Paris and Victor Hugo, but in a more comfortable manner than the way poor Jean Valjean saw them.

Frances White.

THE NEW AMERICAN LINERS.

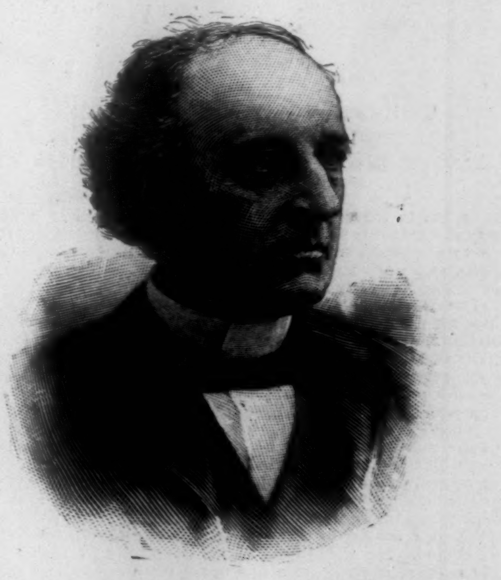
The American navy is cutting such a figure at the present moment that our public have forgotten for the time being in this glorious Columbus year that we had a celebration in New York on Washington's birthday—a celebration which foretold the revival in earnest of American merchant ship building. The event referred to was the raising of the American flag on the *New York* by ex-President Harrison; and this was supplemented on the 18th inst. by the laying of the keels of the hulls of Nos. 277 and 278 at Cramp's shipyard, Philadelphia, which will, when launched and finished, be the first two great Atlantic liners of domestic manufacture for the American Line, brought into existence by the act of Congress authorizing the American registry of the *New York* and *Paris*. Although this event is unequalled in its importance in the history of American merchant marine, there was no ceremony surrounding it, except that Mr. Charles H. Cramp superintended the work in person, and Mr. Griscom, the president, and several other officers of the International Navigation Company were present.

Ninety-six feet of the keel of No. 277 and seventy-two feet of the keel of No. 278 were laid. Both of these vessels are to be similar in class to the *New York* and *Paris*, though exceeding them by a few tons in gross register. Of the five ships the Cramp Company is to build for the American Line, it is probable that only these two will be of the *New York* and *Paris* class, it having been substantially decided by the managers of the American Line, with true business forethought and enterprise, to respond at once to the Cunard Company's challenge for the supremacy in the transatlantic business, as embodied in the *Campania* and *Lucania*, by building the other three in the class of these latter, that is, the class which is commonly known among shipping men as "the 600-footers."

This determination on the part of Mr. Griscom and his fellow-managers is hailed with satisfaction by the Messrs. Cramp, who, having proved their ability to construct any class of war-ship equal to the productions of foreign yards, are more than anxious to try conclusions with the best output of British yards in building these great ocean-going vessels.

The first ship to be launched will be named the *Minneapolis*, an event which is expected to take place this summer. As soon as this occurs, the keel of the first of the 600-footers will be laid on her blocks. The building of these merchant ships is not subject to the delays incidental to the building of government work, so their progress towards completion will be exceedingly rapid. The construction of them will be pushed by the Messrs. Cramp to the utmost capacity of their wonderful establishment, and it is expected that the ships whose keels were laid the other day will be ready for the spring trade of 1895. By that time the cruiser *New York* and several battle-ships will be in commission, so that "Old Glory" can resume its old-time pride of place in the marine world.

Harry P. Mawson.



JUDGE GRESHAM'S SUCCESSOR.

Judge James G. Jenkins, who has been selected by the President to succeed Judge Gresham as Judge of the Seventh Judicial Circuit, is in the prime of life and activity. He was born at Saratoga Springs, New York, January 18, 1834, his father being a cousin of General Worth, of Mexican war fame, and his mother the daughter of Chancellor Reuben H. Walworth, a distinguished jurist of the Empire State. He was admitted to the bar in the city of New York in 1855, and removed to Milwaukee in 1857, where he practised his profession. He was the City Attorney of Milwaukee for four terms, from 1863 to 1867, and practised in the Supreme Court of the State, and of the United States.

In 1877 he declined the Democratic nomination for Governor of the State, but in 1879 accepted such nomination, leading a forlorn hope, and largely reducing the Republican majority. In 1880 he received the compliment of the vote of the Democratic members of the Legislature for United States Senator. The same year he was named by the bar of the State as the successor of Chief Justice Ryan, of the State Supreme Court, but the Governor chose a gentleman of his own party for the position.

In 1875 he was nominated for County Judge of Milwaukee County, Wisconsin, but declined. In 1886 he was tendered by the President a position upon the bench of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, but also declined that honor. In 1888, upon the resignation of Judge Charles E. Dyer, he was appointed by the President as United States Judge for the Eastern District of Wisconsin, which position he now holds.

Judge Jenkins married the only daughter of Judge Miller, one of his predecessors, and their home is a model of refinement, and the resort of a large circle of cultivated people. He is a man of wide culture and extensive reading, and a brilliant speaker. His appointment as the successor of Judge Gresham, who resigned to accept a position in the cabinet of President Cleveland, has given universal satisfaction.

THE DUKE OF VERAGUA.
From a Copyrighted Photograph by the Moreno Company.—[See Page 392.]

THE NEWLY DISCOVERED BRADLEY PORTRAIT OF COLUMBUS.

I BELIEVE there is a popular impression that portraits of Columbus are very numerous. On the contrary, portraits of Columbus having any shade of authority are extremely few. The only rational course in regard to the greater part of those reproduced in the contemporary magazines is simply to take a pencil and cross them off the list. Every age produced Columbus after its own heart, with the kind of looks and costume it considered the most complimentary to him, archæology entirely aside.

The eliminating process complete, there remain only the monastic-looking group, which comprises chiefly the Rincon, the Yanez, the Ministry of Marine, the Altissimo, the De Orchi, and the Lorenzo Lotto portrait, all more or less copied from one another and the rude early Giovio engraving; and then the much smaller group, consisting of the Bradley portrait, the Versailles portrait, and the De Bry engraving. Nor is there any irreconcilable conflict between these two groups, for it is possible enough that the man who looked like the Bradley picture in the robust strength of his freebooting prime may have come to resemble the other when tried, wasted, saddened, refined down by the heavy sorrows of his latter days.

The Bradley painting, when I first saw it, did not answer to that highly idealized notion of the grand historical figure which all of us have been taught to carry around in our hearts from the earliest childhood. Needless to say that in the sequel I came to credit it all the more securely because it was *not* the preconceived, the *a priori*, Columbus. This likeness agrees with the later and more accurate information as to what the character of Columbus really was; it is exactly true to the period and his station of life, and it agrees with the descriptions of those who knew him. Such a hearty, thick-featured, rather low-browed Columbus, of flesh and blood and passion and physical strength, tempered by the natural majesty of the thinker-out of a great idea and a leader of men, may well enough have been that rude sailor who, before his great undertaking,* "was hardened by thirty-six years of ceaseless adventure, ... and for twenty-three years had scarcely ever left the unsteady deck." His life was not calculated to produce an ascetic, a dreamer, or a courtier.

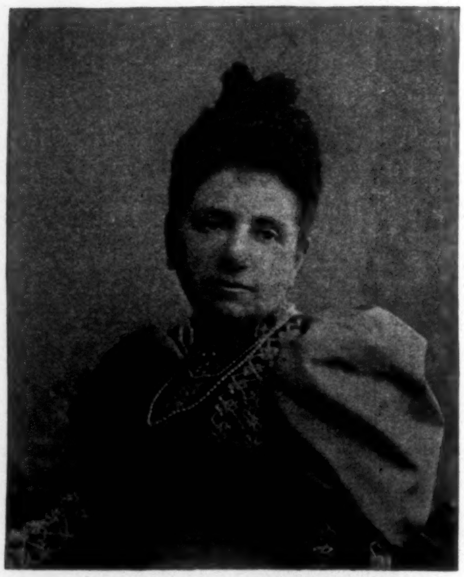
The picture was then hanging on the walls of two quiet elderly maiden sisters at Nice, and it was soon after acquired by Mr. W. H. Bradley, United States consul at that place, who has sent it over to be shown at Chicago. It had never been in the hands of any dealer, and it could easily be traced to a period when there was no temptation to manufacture probable Columbuses. It was gratifying to find that it was identical with the De Bry engraving and the picture in the National Gallery at Versailles. The engraving appears in De Bry's *Great Voyages*, one of the earliest books of travel, published in 1595. Feuillet de Conches, whose careful researches are the necessary basis of all subsequent writing on the subject, holds the Versailles picture to be that from which De Bry's engraving was made. De Bry states that his engraving was made from a copy of the original portrait from life, which was stolen from the Hall of the Council of the Indies in Spain, and brought to the Low Countries, where De Bry lived.

The Bradley portrait is a fine large canvas, showing nearly half the figure, including an arm and an excellently painted hand, and it is much the stronger and more individual work of the two. The Versailles portrait is on a small wooden panel, and, like the engraving which follows it, shows only head and bust. The inference is clear that the smaller, not the larger, work must be the copy. It is extraordinary, what with all the eager ransacking on every side in these late times, that no other work has anywhere turned up that belongs even to the school of these two. It is our belief that the Bradley portrait is that mentioned by De Bry as stolen from the Hall of the Council of the Indies. Though battered by time, no essential feature had suffered. It is of the Flemish school in treatment; the general ground tones are raw—umberish and black; the shadows are thinly glazed, the high lights well loaded, the higher lights established upon a basis of distemper, or plaster, a mode anciently in use. The expert Paul Foinet, of Paris, certifies that the canvas upon which it is painted dates back to the sixteenth century at least.

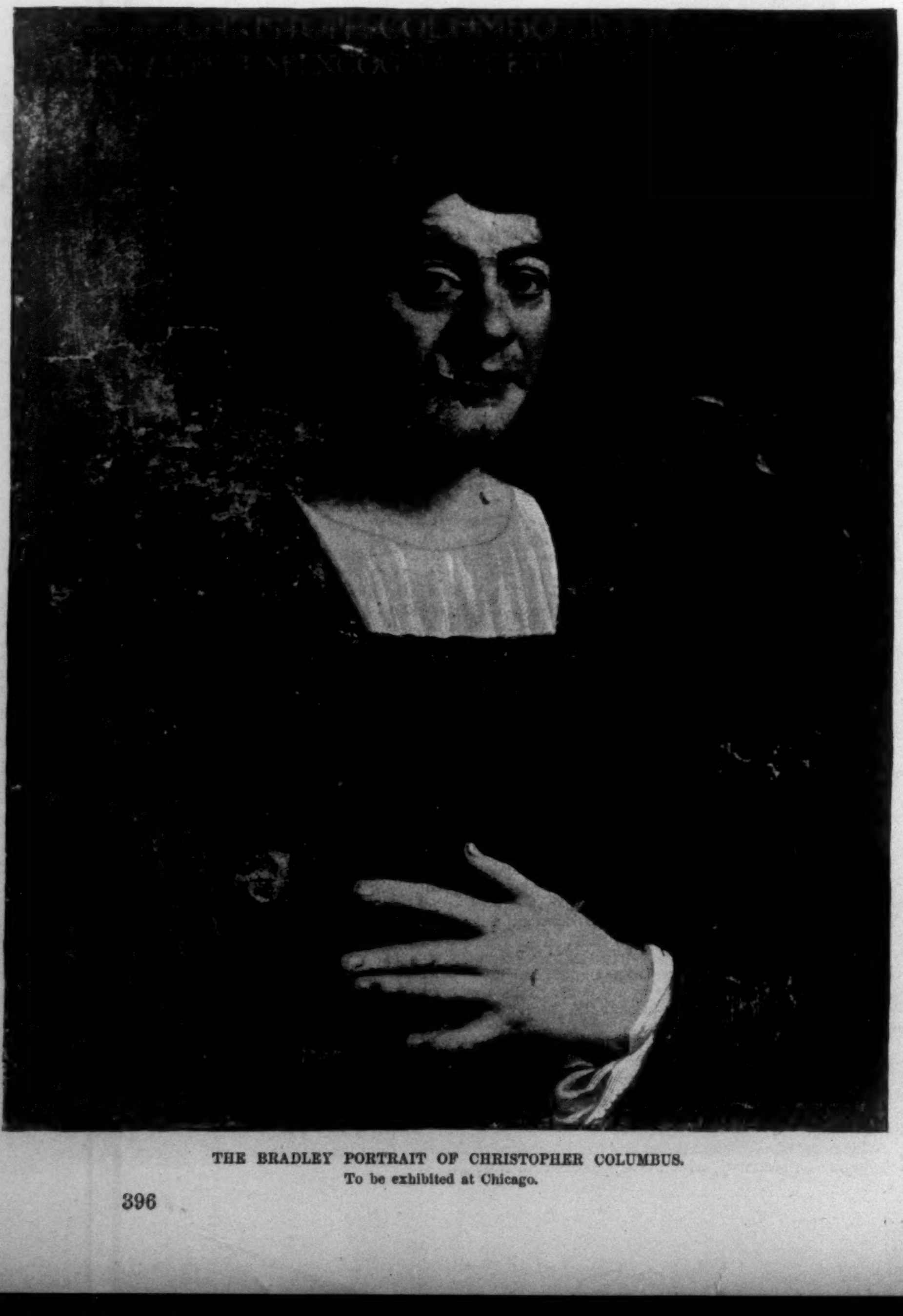
The inquiry into the portrait's history occasioned interesting researches, far too long to be set down here. It led to Avignon, where most kindly aid was lent by Mademoiselle Roumanille, daughter of the celebrated Provençal poet. In brief, the two elderly ladies of Nice had received it from a family of Imbert de Lonnes, with whom they had been instructors, and it had been in Nice some fifteen years. The Imbert de Lonnes were now decayed, scattered, and wellnigh extinct. We at length discovered at Marseilles Madame Degréaux, the last surviving granddaughter of the house, the one who had presented the portrait. She testifies that it came to her, through her mother, from her grandfather, Imbert de Lonnes; that it had always been esteemed a picture of much value in the family; that her grandfather had bought it at one of the great sales of the royal effects in the Revolution of '93; and that it came from the private cabinet of Marie Antoinette. Another granddaughter, by marriage, the last surviving bearer of the name Imbert de Lonnes, also living at Marseilles, testifies to the same effect. This Imbert de Lonnes was chief surgeon to the King's brother. He went into retirement during the Revolution, re-emerged, attached himself to the fortunes of Napoleon, and was finally surgeon in-chief at the branch home of the Invalides at Avignon.

The Bradley portrait is traced a hundred years in the same family, and directly into the possession of the royal family of France, who might easily have brought it in from the Low Countries, which they were forever overrunning. Supposing it to have been in the possession of the royal family of France not very much longer than it was with the De Lonnes, then hidden away a moderate while in some gallery of the Low Countries, and then to have remained in the Hall of the Council of the Indies up to not long before the time of De Bry, and we have mainly closed in a gap, which, considerable though it may be in the life of man, is really not so very great as compared to some of the most apparently ephemeral works of his hands.

WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP.



THE DUCHESS OF VERAGUA.
From a Copyrighted Photograph by the Moreno Company.



THE BRADLEY PORTRAIT OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.
To be exhibited at Chicago.

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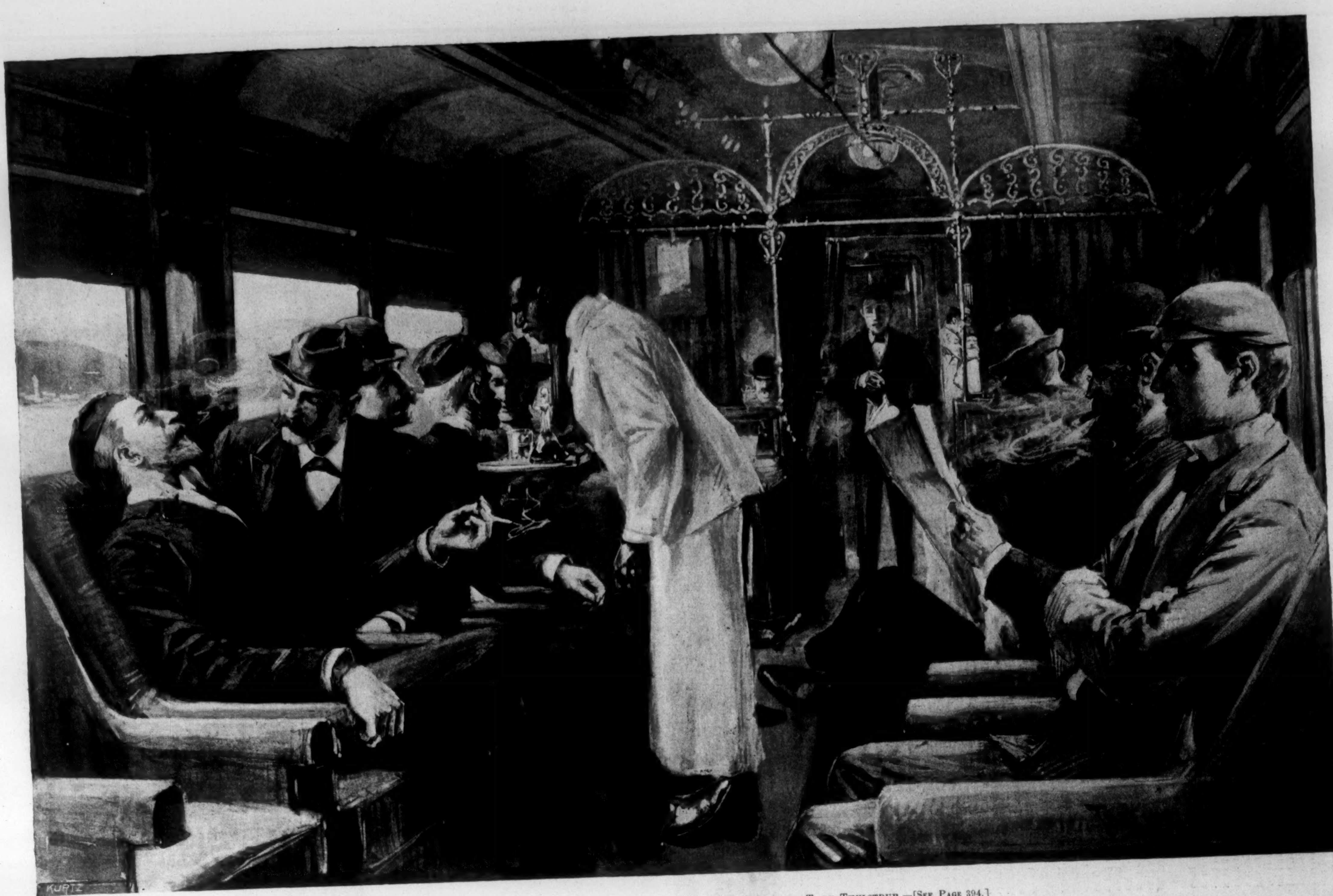
* See Professor Eugene Lawrence's article on "The Mystery of Columbus" in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for April, 1892.



IN THE SMOKING-CAR OF THE "CHICAGO LIMITED."—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 394.]

THE MOON OF SPRING.

INTO the winter's chill a sudden warmth
Has crept, and through a cloudless heaven the moon—
Queen regnant—walks. The silent world below
Thrills to her smile; and all the waiting tides
Swim up, and up, as they would follow her
To that broad realm of glory where she reigns.
Let her not fall!—then were she but a star
Swept on through space, a vagrant of the skies.

So I, sweet maid, hail thee, my moon of spring,
Whose eyes have looked on me and drawn my heart,
Till 'neath their light my sluggish tides of life
Quicken and rise, as they would climb to thee,
Queen regnant of my heaven! Thou shalt rule
My destiny and me—let thy proud light
In stainless splendor shine above me still!
Lover and vassal, at thy feet I wait.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

THE BERING SEA ARGUMENT.

THE argument of the counsel of the United States before the fur-seal tribunal at Paris has been prepared by all four of the counsel, Messrs. E. J. Phelps, J. C. Carter, H. M. Blodgett, and F. R. Coudert. The argument is very elaborate. It has been published by the State Department for its own use, and the handsome volume contains a very important contribution to the literature of this interesting subject. As the counsel point out in the preface to their argument, this tribunal is the only one in which two powerful nations have agreed that their "conflicting claims to permanent dominion should be reconciled and determined without a resort to those methods of violence which carry with them such limitless destruction and suffering. A just homage is thus paid to the civilized sentiment of mankind, that war is seldom if ever necessary, and that the conclusions of reason should be made to supersede the employment of force."

It is a long time since the controversy concerning the seal fisheries and the relative rights of the British, Russian, and United States governments was first raised. The discussion has proceeded from 1821, until to-day it is submitted by the American and British governments to the agreed-upon tribunal of arbitration.

In preparing his argument Mr. J. C. Carter has discussed the questions, "What law is to govern the decision"; second, "The acquisition by Russia of jurisdictional or other rights over Bering Sea, and the transfer thereof to the United States"; and third, "The property of the United States in the Alaskan seal herd." Mr. Carter has also prepared the points in reply to the British counter-case, and a brief on "concurrent regulations." Mr. Phelps has prepared the points on the "Right of the United States to Protect their Sealing Interests and Industry." Mr. Blodgett has prepared the argument on "Damages claimed by the United States and Great Britain," and Mr. Coudert a brief on "A Summary of the Evidence."

The law by which this controversy is to be settled, and upon which the arguments are based, is that which is known as international law, which consists of the general rules by which nations have consented by their practice or by their treaties to be governed in their dealings with one another. Every nation interprets the law of nations in its own way, through its own tribunals; but when such a case as this is submitted to an international tribunal, there must be concessions on each side, for the interpretations of different nations are affected by the peculiar circumstances and conditions of the various peoples, by their different forms of government, and by the differing abstract notions of right and justice. Mr. Carter laid down these propositions in the opening of his argument, which was a very elaborate review of the writings and decisions of the most eminent authors and the leading courts on the question, "What is international law?"

The first question relating directly to the case that was taken up after this preliminary discussion was that of the acquisition by Russia of "jurisdictional or other rights over Bering Sea, and the transfer of them to the United States." It has been the commonly accepted error that the United States are claiming an exclusive jurisdiction over a large part of the Pacific Ocean, and that they claim, through their treaty with Russia by which Alaska was transferred to them, exclusive jurisdiction over the high seas one hundred miles distant from the coast. As a matter of fact, this claim was never made. The statement that the United States have insisted that Bering Sea is a closed sea, and that, on account of the presence of the seals and of our own interests in them, this government has exclusive jurisdiction, and that Russia itself asserted exclusive jurisdiction over the Bering Sea, is a mere pretence.

The fact is that Russia never claimed exclusive jurisdiction, and therefore there is no ground on which the United States can claim such rights. What was claimed by Russia, as is clearly shown by Mr. Carter in his argument, was that Russia had a great proprietary interest in a certain industry known as the seal-fishing industry, and that for the purpose of protecting this industry it had the right to keep foreign vessels a hundred miles from the shore. This right of keeping foreign ships at a longer distance from the shore than three miles has been often claimed by nations, and especially by the British government in what is known as the "Hovering Act." This inhibition against the presence of foreign ships within a hundred miles of the islands did not pertain to anything except the fisheries right. Any other right might be exercised, provided the rights of the Russians over the seals were not infringed upon.

All the rights of Russia passed by the treaty of 1867, which was the treaty entered into for the sale of Alaska, to the United States. The question has been raised in this connection as to the true interpretation to be placed upon the treaties entered into between the United States, Great Britain, and Russia in 1824 and 1825. In those treaties Russia surrendered all claims to jurisdiction over a certain portion of the high seas. The question is whether the Bering Sea was or was not a part of the Pacific Ocean within the contemplation of the treaties. The United States declared that so far as the hundred-mile inhibition is concerned it was not intended by the treaties that the Bering Sea should be included in the larger body of water. This being the contention, it follows that the question is one of proprietary right in the Alaskan seal herd. This is the interesting subject involved in the case. If the United States have the right to protect their property swimming in the high seas anywhere within a hundred miles from the coast, then it follows that the captures that have been made by British sealers are captures of American property. The question is, are seals wild animals or tame? The counsel for the United States contend that the seals are not what is known to the law as *feræ naturæ*. Is it possible to obtain such a property in an animal like the seal that it can be followed on the high seas and protected from the depredations of foreign governments and reclaimed? The basis of the claim that the seal is not a wild animal, and that it belongs to the United States, is that it has certain fixed habits, among which is the habit of visiting the Pribylov Islands yearly for breeding, and that the United States have expended large sums of money and care in fostering the seal and in preserving it from annihilation. Mr. Carter lays down three propositions as to the essential elements of property. They are, first, they must have that utility which makes them objects of human desire; second, the supply must be limited; third, they must be susceptible of exclusive appropriation. If these elements, he contends, are satisfied by the character and condition of the seal, then the seal is the property of the United States, may be disposed of and may be protected, and may be claimed wherever it may be found.

Mr. Carter's examination of the laws and philosophy of property is very thorough and very interesting. From his discussion he lays down in a concise form the following rules.

First. The institution of property springs from and rests upon two prime necessities of the human race:

1. The establishment of peace and order, which is necessary to the existence of any form of society.

2. The preservation and increase of the useful products of the earth in order to furnish an adequate supply for the constantly increasing demands of civilized society.

Second. These reasons, upon which the institution of property is founded, require that every useful thing, the supply of which is limited and capable of ownership, should be assigned to some legal and determined owner.

Third. The extent of the dominion, which the law of nature has conferred upon particular nations over the things of the earth, is limited in two ways:

1. They are not made the absolute owners. Their title is coupled with a trust for the benefit of mankind. The human race is entitled to participate in the enjoyment.

2. As the corollary or part of the last foregoing proposition the things themselves are not given, but only the increase or usufruct thereof.

From this follows a discussion of the habits and life and characteristics of the North American fur-seal, with a view of applying these principles concerning property which Mr. Carter has laid down. The fur-seal, as is now known from the long discussion of this case which has been appearing from time to time in the public press for many years, has certain fixed habits, and especially fixed are the places and the season of breeding. It is because the Pribylov Islands were the abodes of the seals, to which they return every breeding season for the bearing of their young, that Alaska was deemed a valuable purchase, and it is from this source that the country has derived its revenues, which may be considered the interest it is receiving on the purchase price. The seals are peculiarly at the mercy of marauders on their way to the breeding-grounds, and while they are on the land, because on the land the seal is a defenceless animal. The presence of man does not drive them off, nor operate unfavorably on the work of reproduction. Therefore if man induces the seals or invites them to come upon their chosen resort, and does not injure them or attack them while they are there, the seal becomes as domestic as most animals are accustomed to be. It is therefore all the easier by deception and treachery to commit wholesale slaughter on the seal.

All killing of the seal except that limited to the slaughter of non-breeding males threatens the destruction of the animal. Pelagic sealing, therefore—that is, sealing on the high seas—must eventually result in the disappearance of the seal, for no selection can be made in pelagic sealing, and females bearing young are often killed. The United States have simply contended that through their cultivation of the herd and their protection of it from indiscriminate slaughter, they have acquired a right of property which satisfies Mr. Carter's definition, that is, a property in the usufruct of the herd, which, through the agencies of commerce, is enjoyed in common by all nations of the world; and having the property, they have a right to protect it wherever it is found, and may follow it upon the high seas for its preservation, and may claim damages for depredations upon it.

The conclusion which Mr. Carter asked the tribunal to reach is that the seals shall be protected by both nations—the United States and Great Britain—contending that the practice of pelagic sealing is in effect piracy, and it is the duty of nations to forbid their citizens from engaging in it. Damages are claimed by Great Britain for the seizure of their vessels to the amount of several hundred thousand dollars, but it is not necessary and not enlightening to the argument to go into the technical character of this part of it. The United States do not press for damages.

·THIS·BUSY· ·WORLD·

LESS than a month ago the *Nation* lauded in the late M. Taine the decorous modesty which impelled him while living to keep the incidents of his private life from public knowledge, and to provide in his will and by the destruction of his diary for an analogous reticence after his decease. It is shocking to find (and the *Nation* will be grieved at it) that the amiable French gentleman's precautions have not been altogether effectual. The Paris correspondent of the *Author* shows himself so far lost to considerations of propriety as to report that M. Taine practised regularly with dumbbells at his apartment in Paris, that he had the English habit of a daily tub of cold water, that he used to take long walks when in the country, and, worst of all, that though a man of a very sober and temperate life, he was an incessant smoker of cigarettes. It is hard indeed that all the care of a man of blameless life should not avail to protect him from posthumous exhibition as a cigarette-smoker. The *Nation* has gloried in the thought that the world would never see a picture of M. Taine's library, and never know how the great critic looked when "at work"; but apparently it is due more to his good luck than to his precautionary efforts that the unscrupulous picture-papers have not shown him to their clients in animated and gleeful practice of his "English habit of the daily tub."

Mr. Andrew Lang is reminded, at the "Sign of the Ship" in *Longman's Magazine*, of one Richard Francke, a Cromwellian trooper, who wrote a book about fishing, which wa edited by Sir Walter Scott. He was obliged to cross th seas to escape the embarrassments of the Restoration, an Mr. Lang wants to know if anything is known about him i America. While in these parts he wrote *The Adventures o the Nine Pious Pilgrims*, which Mr. Lang describes as a dismal allegory, mitigated by a single passage about fishing.

Nobody seems to be writing piscatorial classics in thi generation, and yet as a piscatorial generation it ranks pretty high. Contemporary American statesmen especially seem to court the solace incident to pulling marine life in out o the wet. Mr. Cleveland ran for President last summer a the pole end of a hook and line, and it is probable that the successful issue of his method had its effect on his contemporaries. Certainly, it was noticed that when Mr. Jefferson's house on Buzzards Bay took fire the other day, no less aspiring a statesman than the Governor of Massachusetts was fishing hard by, and came running to the rescue. Long spells of patient waiting and short spells of lively exertion are the lot of politicians and of fishermen, and the ability to wait and hang on, in whichever pursuit it is acquired, is of value in the other. So also there are few traits fitter for politicians to develop than the fisherman's habitual indifference to the phenomena known as "wet feet."

A protest comes from Tacoma, Washington, against the pretext that the original Indian name of Mount Rainier was Tacoma. It seems that Theodore Winthrop, in *Canoe and Saddle*, declared that the Indian name of Mount Rainier was Tahomia, "nearest to Heaven," but the Portland *Oregonian* insists that Winthrop invented that name, and that the mountain had no name until the English under Captain Vancouver named it after Admiral Rainier, of the British navy. Lewis and Clarke afterwards called it "Mount Adams," but the English name stuck. A Tacoma contemporary points out that Chief Seattle, who was an intelligent man, and would have known if the mountain had an Indian name, always called it Rainier. Rainier is a pretty good name, and if the mountain has travelled for a century under that title it should stick to it. The question whether Mt. Rainier is able to live up to its title in the matter of relative moisture seems not to be involved.

The notable increase of family hotels in New York and other large cities is attributed to a number of causes, not least among which is the "servant question." It would be interesting to learn how far the same problem has affected the construction and arrangement of new private dwellings. It would seem as if householders of experience, who know how little comfort can be had in even the most luxurious house without good servants, would try to build, when they do build, houses to which good servants would be disposed to cling. Comfortable bedrooms, bath-rooms, elevators, kitchen dining-rooms or sitting-rooms—anything that can add to the comfort of good servants—would seem to be worth careful consideration. In these days, when the competition between the shop and the household is so eager, the householder's obvious resource is to increase the attractions of the employment that he offers. It is cheaper, easier, and more effectual to offer increased comforts than extravagant pay. The main advantage that house service has over shop-work now is that it is more comfortable, and to develop that advantage as far as it will go seems not so much an altruistic impulse as a matter of policy.

If we are to believe the Washington correspondents, the siege of the administration by the office-seekers is a good deal (too much) like a run on a bank. Every applicant seems conscious that flesh and blood cannot stand the pressure long, and feels the importance of getting his particular matter attended to before the smash comes, and the President invites his cabinet to shut up shop and go a-fishing.

Charles McAllister, of Philadelphia, who died in 1881, left property in trust to build and endow a Presbyterian church at Torresdale, a Philadelphia suburb, "whenever a respectable number of persons should get together to form the nucleus of a congregation." Seventeen people got together and demanded the fulfilment of the trust. The Fidelity Trust Company, as executor, refused to act, on the ground that seventeen was not "a respectable number" within the meaning of the will, but Judge Allison has decided that seventeen is a respectable number, and that the provisions of the will must be carried out.

In a very celebrated previous case, when it was attempted to determine in how small a number effectual respectability may reside, it was held by the authority of last resort that ten just men were enough, and a stay of judgment was offered if so many could be found. Even that number was not pronounced to be the minimum, and it has always seemed possible that if the advocate for the condemned had done his utmost he might have obtained still further reduction. It would be interesting to know whether this famous case was cited before Judge Allison by the counsel for the seventeen. It seems too apposite and too familiar to be overlooked.

Word comes *viâ* Louisville, Kentucky, that Mrs. Mary Anderson Navarro is writing an autobiography of her stage life, and wants recollections of her early débuts and dramatic experiences from friends who remember them. The simplest and most effectual way for Mrs. Navarro to get a complete set of material for an autobiography would be to induce the dramatic editor of the *Tribune* to publish his reminiscences. If that method is followed it is possible that an approach to justice may be done to the subject, which cannot be hoped for if so modest an artist as Mrs. Navarro relies on what she can remember herself.

It is a long while since New York society has been plunked fuller and fairer in the organs of vision than it was on the 18th instant by the Honorable Rupert Cecil Craven, when he appeared as best man in a pink shirt at a morning wedding at Grace Church. When the groom is an earl and the bride a sweet sixteen, only a best man who is a complete master of his business can hope to figure as the radiant centre of the occasion. Such a best man the Hon. Rupert demonstrated himself to be. He got much, and he deserved it all. He is a whole wedding in himself, and parties contemplating matrimony will be fortunate indeed if they can secure his accomplished participation. To call him "best" is to understate his merit. As a hymeneal appurtenance, he is perhaps the only living person who cannot be adequately described without putting a mansard-roof on the superlative degree. As the boss best man of history he will be enthusiastically welcomed by the American people at the Chicago Fair.

E. S. MARTIN.

LISBON.

BY ARMAND DAYOT.

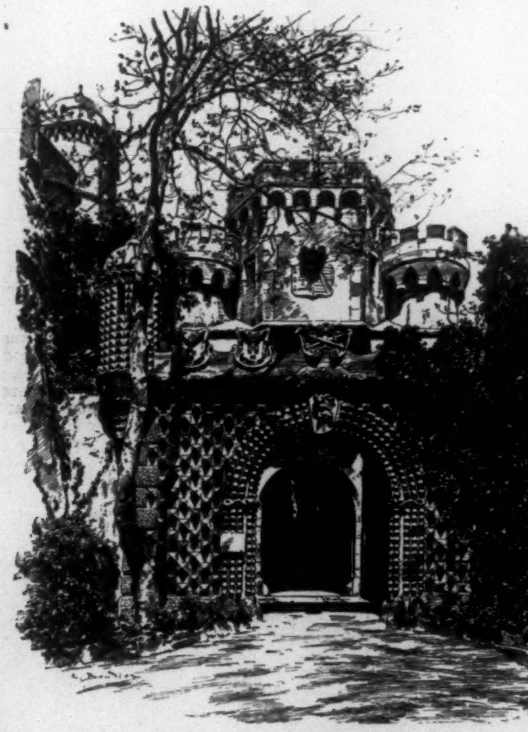
HAS it not ever been upon the banks of rivers that poets have culled the themes of their most hyperbolic fancies? Where are now the grand woods which covered the shores of the Ilissus? What has become of the myrtle groves of the "Stream of Eden" which once screened the baptism of a god? Were there ever waters more troubled than those of the "limpid Arno," in which even the heavy gloomy façades of the old Pisan palaces are not now reflected? And in the yellow loathsome-smelling waters of the Tiber, in the sluggish stream of which we seem still to see the rotting wood of Roman gibbets, where are now the copses immortalized by Virgil, and the fresh murmuring streams in which were once mirrored the charms of the fair Amaryllis?

I have followed the banks of the Rhone to the blue ocean without seeing the orange and citron groves sung of by Petrarch, and beneath the shade of which he walked with the lovely object of his passionate adoration.

Very suggestive to the thinker are the melancholy changes which have come over rivers sacred to the songs of poets, and to which those songs seem to have brought nothing but misfortune.

Thus did I muse as I rolled along the road between Abrantes and Lisbon, which road skirts the Tagus, and is almost parallel with its course. Here and there, in fact, the wheels of my carriage were actually on its banks, and I saw before me, amongst the gathering shades of night, a dreary landscape of perpendicular rocks and sandy hillocks, looking like great heaps of cinders, amongst which tumultuously flowed the muddy waters of that enchanted stream "the gold-spangled waves of which," according to Camoens, "ever flow between two forests of flowers."

I must, however, admit that just before I arrived at the important station of Entrocamento, the point of junction with the northern railway, I saw, emerging from the Tagus, the width of which varies perpetually, an island bright with flowers and verdure. On this island rose a group of grand ruins, in which, in spite of the rapidity with which I passed them, I think I could make out the remains of an imposing Moorish building, which may have been the summer palace of a powerful Emir intrusted with the government of Alemtejo by the Caliph of Cordova.



GATEWAY OF THE CASTLE OF CINTRA.

I was just yielding to these historic hypotheses called up by the sudden apparition of the old castle, and my imagination was revelling for a moment in a vision of all the voluptuous seductions of an enchanted harem, when I fell asleep, and did not wake again until I was at Lisbon.

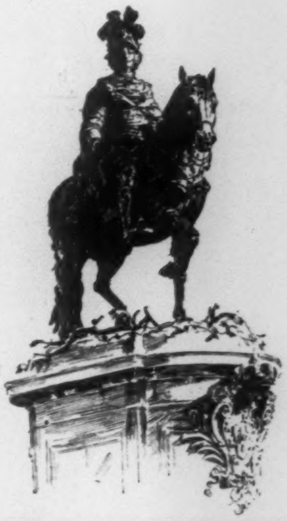
Although in writing these lines I have a kind of nostalgic feeling, a poignant regret for a past already remote, and from which emerges vaguely a vision of a great town on a mighty river, through the streets of which town I wandered gayly with the happy heart of a young fellow of twenty, I must also confess that my first impression of Lisbon when I alighted at the station was anything but a favorable one. The air all around me was poisoned with horrible exhalations from the mouths of the sewers, which had been prevented from discharging their contents for some days by the great height of the waters of the Tagus. The inhabitants, who ought to have remembered the plague of 1568, did not seem to trouble themselves about the terrible results which might ensue. And yet that fearful epidemic had carried off more than sixty thousand victims in the town alone. The government, as well as the municipality of Lisbon, whose resources would barely suffice for the reconstruction of the sewers, no doubt secretly encouraged the popular stoicism, or rather indifference, in spite of the complaints and warnings of the doctors.

It was pouring with rain, and in the foul air beneath the leaden sky as I plunged across the muddy streets, which appeared not to have been paved since the earthquake of 1755, I felt pretty miserable, and found myself regretting having crossed the Spanish frontier, and having left the fresh, sweet-smelling valley of the Guadalquivir, when suddenly a beautiful sight met my gaze, and dispelled the frown from my brow.

This sight was neither more nor less than a funeral! In her interesting volume on Portugal, Madame Rattazzi tells us that nothing strikes the visitor to Lisbon more than meeting in the streets a funeral procession escorting the dead to its last resting-place. As in France and England, there are several classes of hearses, but in Portugal the poorest makes this last trip in a vehicle completely covered with gilding. For an ordinary funeral a two-wheeled cabriolet is used with very long shafts, between which is harnessed a mule with a postilion on its back, who wears riding-boots, a coat of French style, and a hat bigger at the top than at the brim. On the front part of this cabriolet, between it and the back of the mule, are two pieces of iron, to which the coffin is fastened. The coffins are long cases with semicircular lids covered with a yellow stuff striped with silver. Inside the carriage sit the priest and a choir-boy. This obsolete vehicle is gilded and adorned with appropriate symbols, such as the scythe of Time, an hour-glass, angels' heads, etc.

The wealthy, as is but natural, make their final journey with greater pomp. They have massive four-wheeled chariots with canopies embroidered with gold and silver, whilst above them hovers an angel with outspread wings. The effect is really very fine. The grand machine is drawn by four horses, on each of which is perched a jockey wearing a short jacket and a laced cap, whilst on the box sits a pompous coachman with powdered hair, wearing a three-cornered hat striped with red and green. All this has a look of gayety which it is very pleasant to see, and the first time I met such a procession on its way back without its burden, I thought it was a masquerade of the *Bœuf gras*, or some similar farce. There are no mourning-coaches for invited guests, who follow in their own or in hired carriages. The cemetery is called Prazeres, which means pleasure.

When any one dies the family do not write letters with the news, but announce it in the newspapers, and all is said in the invariable concluding phrase: "No special invitations will be sent out, as the family is in a state of unutterable consternation."



STATUE OF DOM JOSÉ I.

I could not say to what order of society the deceased who rolled past me in this bright-looking equipage had belonged, but from the bottom of my heart I wish him eternal happiness in the other life, in return for the moment of pleasure he has given me in this. Quite cheered up, though soaked to the skin, I turned towards my hotel, full of admiration for the lazy, happy stoicism of a people who inhale pestilential odors from morning till night with as much good-humor as if they were the perfume of roses, break their legs in the dirty ill-paved streets without grumbling, take their dead to their last resting-places in gala carriages driven by coachmen dressed like learned monkeys, and call their cemeteries abodes of pleasure. Who, after that, can doubt the gayety of the Portuguese?

Never was the origin of any place more discussed than that of Lisbon, to which, in fact, popular sentiment assigns as initial date the time of a prolonged stay of Ulysses and his companions on the banks of the Tagus.

Moreover, etymologists can very easily prove that, frequently as for reasons unexplained they have been modified in the course of centuries, the names of the ancient Lusitanian city all seem to have been derived from that of the heroic traveller whom the people claim as the founder; for before it was called Lisbon, it was successively known as Elisea, Ulisea, Ulisipolis, Ulisipo, Olisipo, Olisipona, Olisipoa, Uixiponna, and Exupona.

But all this belongs to the very remote past.

According to an old German legend, a knight having wished, when at Jerusalem, to see in a magic mirror the most beautiful city of Europe, that of Lisbon the Great, as it was then called, at once rose up before his dazzled sight.

Truth to tell, if one is to believe the assertions of very trustworthy writers, such as Fernando Lopez (*Agiologio Lusitana*), Lisbon enjoyed, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, a reputation for great magnificence. It must, however, be added that other Portuguese historians have thrown some doubt on the supposed splendor of feudal Lisbon. We refrain from any endeavor to form an opinion on this subject, as it would be beyond the scope of our modest task. Let us leave the old town in peace in the bosom of the earth, where it was swallowed up almost completely, with its palaces and treasures, and content ourselves with giving as faithful a sketch as we can of that modern Lisbon which, by the mere force, so to speak, of his genius, Marquis de Pombal caused to spring from the ground on a new plan.

The general aspect of the town is most picturesque. It is no less than two leagues long, and rises in the form of an amphitheatre, on the right bank of the Tagus. At the end of the seventeenth century it still deserved the name of *Urbs Septicollis;* but, thanks to its rapid development, it has gradually climbed up several new eminences, and the topographical resemblance to ancient Rome, of which the Portuguese were so proud, is now destroyed.

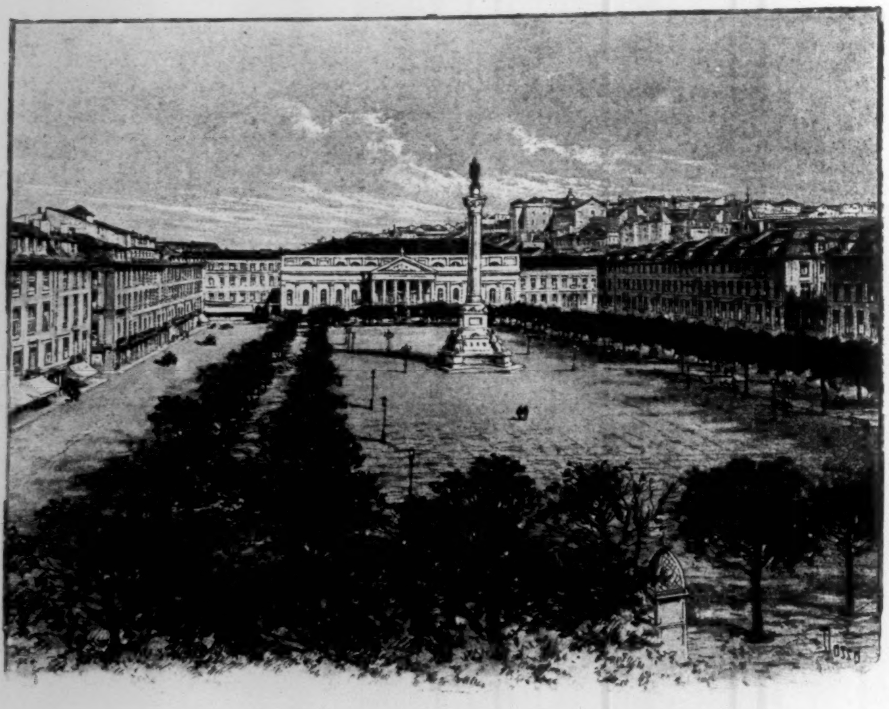
The view of Lisbon from the Tagus on a fine sunny spring evening is really grand. A poet has likened it at different times to a beautiful coquette wearing a white robe, decked with roses, leaning over a mirror, and to a vast outspread fan decked with bunches of flowers. These two similes, different though they be, are very true metaphors; and we must own that our admiration was great when, from the centre of the river we were crossing, on our way to Evora, on the other bank, we saw Lisbon in the bright light of a May mid-day, its wide quays stretching away indefinitely along the beautiful curve of the bay, and its white houses seeming to be advancing to the assault of heaven by way of the gigantic steps of an unfinished Babel. Here and there in the midst of this forest of houses appears a garden full of verdure and roses, which is like a smile on the face of nature, relieving the marble coldness of the city, and giving to it that look of feminine coquetry without which it would appear to the traveller but the white phantom of the old city of a time gone by.

Hardly, however, have you landed before your admiration is changed into a pained surprise. The charm is broken. All around is commonplace and ugly. Huge brick buildings, erected by contractors—who, with some faint idea of the application of art to industry, have endeavored to give them a classic style—rise along the banks of the river, and from their arched windows, instead of the fumes of incense, escape the acrid odors of stale sardines and hot oil, which, when mixed with the smells from the fetid sewers opening on to the Tagus, drive every one not compelled to remain below to the upper town. These wide quays, which an intelligent municipality might convert into a beautiful promenade, are frequented by none but *gallegos*, *varinas*, and sailors of the merchant vessels anchored in the river, which is here not more than two leagues wide.

The people of Lisbon generally designate under the name of *gallegos* all porters, commissionnaires, and water-carriers. Those who perform these functions, which the poorest Portuguese would scorn, are nearly all natives of Galicia. They are strong, hard-working, and thrifty. Their physiognomy resembles that of the mountaineers of Savoy and Auvergne, who, like them, are attracted to the great town by their preference for rough and arduous toil. The *gallegos* do not flock to Lisbon only, but are met with at Madrid and in other important towns of Spain. Their predilection for menial tasks brings upon them the contempt of the Spanish as well as of the Portuguese; and the most dilapidated native of Castille or Andalusia, if addressed in terms which seem to him wanting in due respect for his noble rags, will reply, "*Me trata V. S. como si fuera gallego*" (You treat me as if I were a gallego). For all that, the gallegos, like the Savoyards, are justly famed for their probity. Their general appearance is much the same as that of the street porters of Paris. Broad-shouldered, with red, smiling faces and stubby whiskers, they wear short velvet jackets, and instead of the little caps of Paris and London, big green hats.

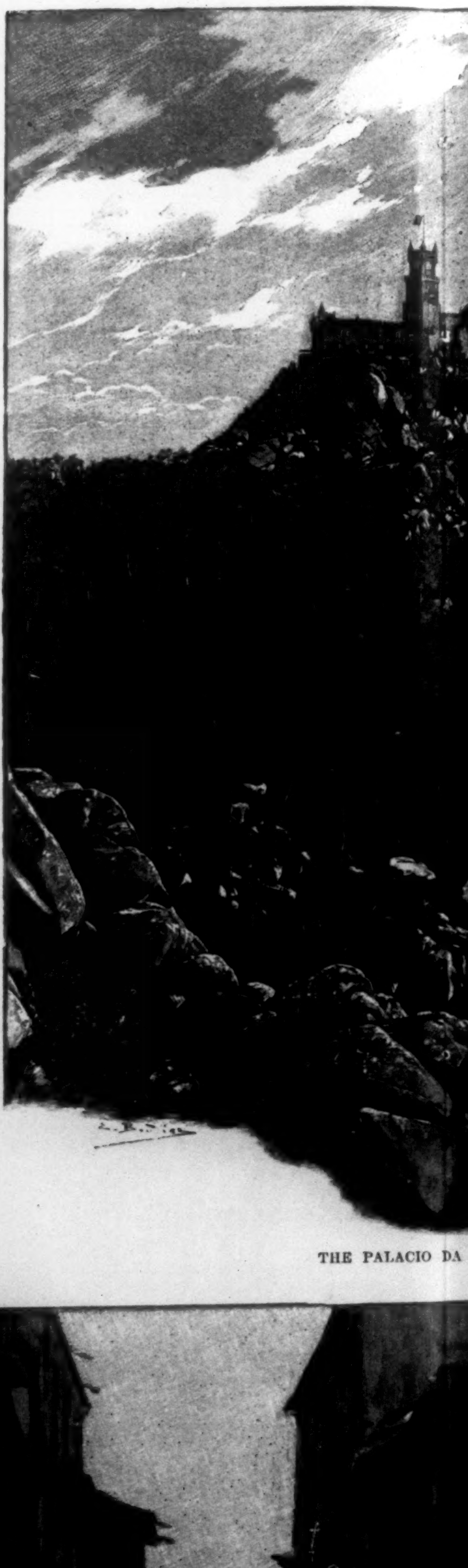
The *varinas*, or sellers of fish, form, with the gallegos, the most picturesque—I had almost said the most interesting—population of the town. Whilst their fathers, mothers, and brothers are engaged in the sardine fishery in the dangerous waters at the bar of the river, they trot about the streets selling the harvest of the sea in huge flat baskets, which they carry skilfully and gracefully on their heads. The costume of the *varina* is so original that it merits a few words of description. It consists of a felt hat with a wide turned-up

"I STILL SEE THE POOR WOMAN WITH HER ARMS EXTENDED."



THE PRAÇO DE DOM PEDRO IV.

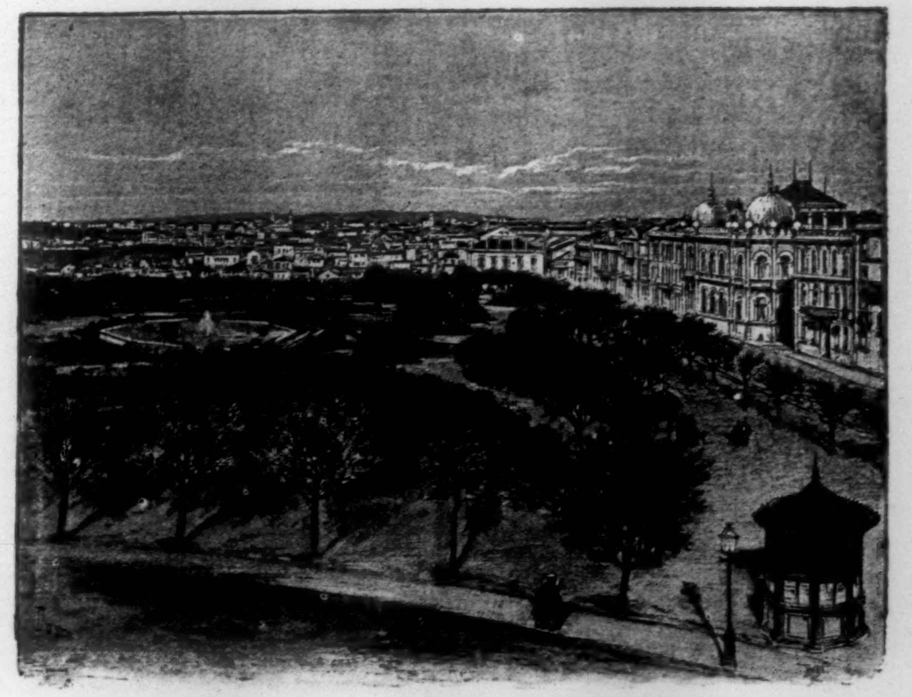
THE FOUNTAIN OF THE HIERONYMITE CONVENT.



THE PALACIO DA

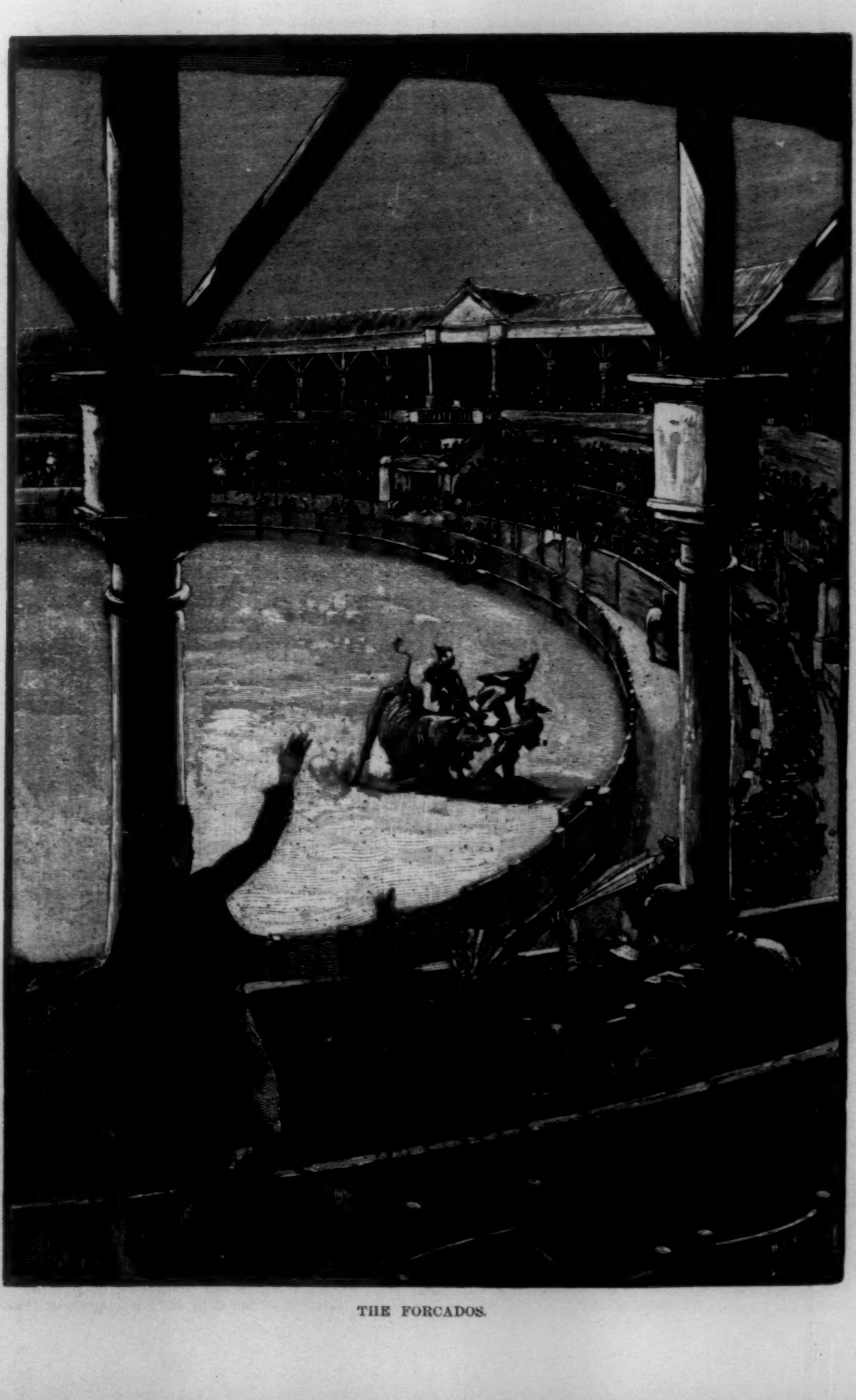
A FUNERAL AT

A PENHA.



THE PRAÇO DO PRINCIPE REAL.

LISBON.

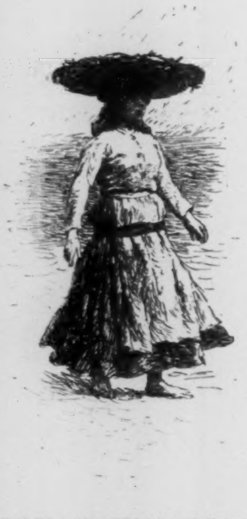


THE FORCADOS.

brim, on which rests the basket of fish. The bust and shoulders of the *varina* are hidden beneath the folds of a light shawl of some delicate color, and a wide linen sash is wound tightly several times round the waist and hips. From beneath the short petticoats peep out often extremely well formed legs and feet.

The *varina*, who toils from the first thing in the morning till the fall of night, carrying her heavy basket of fish and tearing her feet in climbing the steep, badly paved alleys of the old town, has a perfect passion for jewelry; and her one ambition is to be able on fête-days to wear great golden earrings with anchors in blue enamel let into them, and to display upon her ample breast crosses or enormous hearts in filigree-work.

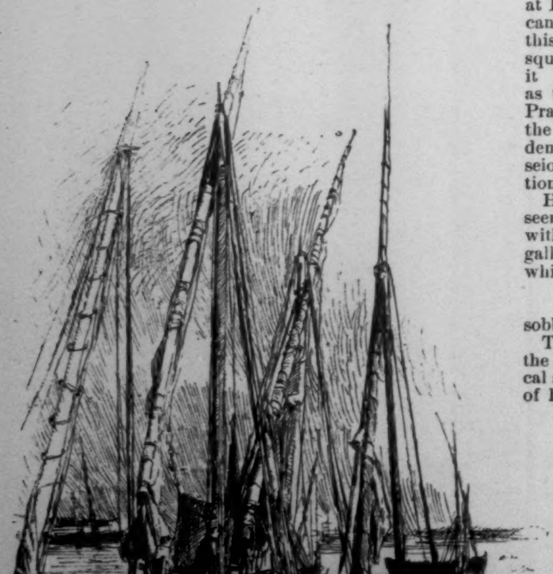
The brisk ways of the *varina*, her zeal in her work, her ceaseless activity, contrast strangely with the indolence of the Portuguese women, who loll at their windows from morning to night, half asleep, and oppressed with the *ennui* of having nothing whatever to do. A Portuguese wife never helps her husband in his work. I think I may even say that the idea of doing so never enters her head; and you may go the round of all the shops of Lisbon without finding one woman behind the counter. One might almost believe, as some ethnographers assert, that the sturdy daughters of the fisher-folk of the Tagus belong to a different race from the incorrigible idlers, who let the useless hours of their life glide by mechanically, in the dead silence of their comfortless and tasteless homes.



A VARINA, OR SELLER OF FISH.

The big hat of the *varina* seems to be the last relic of the national costume of Portugal. Ladies in society, tempted continually by the goods spread out in the windows of modistes and French needle-women of fourth-rate skill, who have triumphantly established themselves in the chief streets of the town, have long since adopted Parisian fashions. We consider this a matter to be regretted; but at least the traveller is no longer free to make such remarks as were sent by a Venetian ambassador to Lisbon in the reign of João III. in an official report to his government. "Portuguese women," he says, "are remarkable for their beauty and the grace of their proportions; their carriage is dignified, and their expression is pleasant. Their black and sparkling eyes add to their beauty.... The costume of the women of Lisbon consists of a large linen or silk cloak (the material varying according to their position), in which they wrap up the whole body, even hiding the face. They go about just where the humor takes them, so completely disguised that their own husbands could not recognize them—a privilege which they turn to account more than is quite fitting for well-born and well-educated women."

How has it come about that since the journey of the Venetian ambassador the features of the Portuguese have undergone changes as little to their advantage as those in their costumes?



ON THE QUAYS BY THE TAGUS (RETURN OF THE FISHING-BOATS).

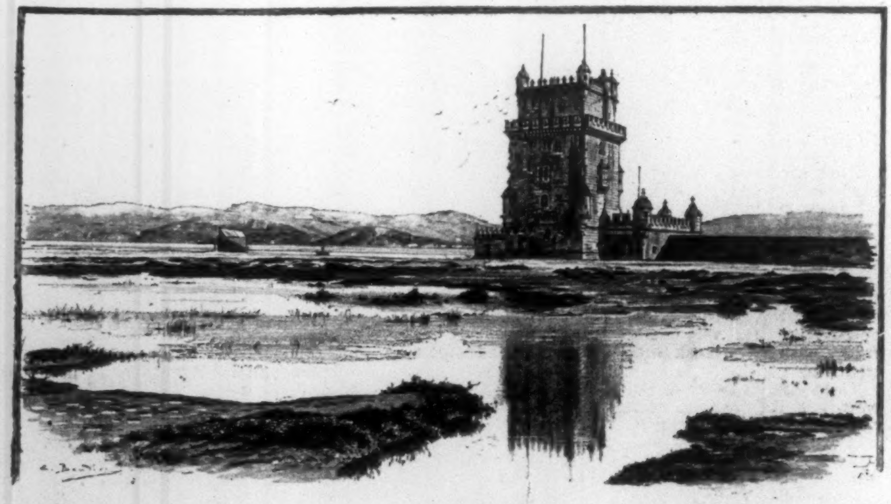
I have, however, sometimes seen old peasant women draped in long mantles of some sober color, and wearing on their heads a stiffly starched handkerchief of very fine lawn. May not these long mantles with heavy plaits be a relic of the great linen cloak referred to by the Venetian ambassador, the last stage of the transformation of the graceful *lenço* of last century, which was fastened with a gold or silver brooch?

The men of Portugal are as fond of show as are the women. Their fingers are nearly always loaded with rings, and about their bodies, which are often as round as the bowls of their tobacco pipes, hang chains as thick as ropes, from which are suspended bunches of trinkets.

The Portuguese dandy is very fond of anything that will attract public attention to his much-esteemed person. Above his snowy vest he wears a cravat of gleaming colors, whilst in his button-hole is stuck a full-blown rose of inordinate size. I think I am pretty safe in saying that most of the promenaders I have seen strutting about in the chief thoroughfares on Sunday with a riding-whip in their hands and handsome spurs on their heels have never set foot in stirrup. The spur is to them a sort of sign of nobility, which they arrogate to themselves, a relic of the privileges of the old chivalry. Where is the Portuguese, be he *almocreve* or *calafate* (muleteer or calker), whose ancestors did not wear golden spurs at the battle of Ourique or of Aljubarrota? I have noticed that a good many state officials work in spurs, as if about to go to battle; and when these knights of the quill, these *ficados* with silk braces, peacefully render up their fine bureaucratic souls to God, I have no doubt that their spurs will be laid upon their tombs.

But have we any right to dwell so long in a half-mocking spirit on a people of such numerous and trustworthy moral qualities, and who, but for their unfortunate indolence and their exaggerated egotism, might be held up as a model to other nations? For the Portuguese are naturally good, hospitable, honest in their dealings, generous, and brave, and we are very certain that in the event of any threatening of the independence of their country we should once more see this little heroic nation, amongst whom slumbers a powerful national spirit, rise as one man against the invader, even as in 1388 and 1809.

The painful impression received on landing on the quay is gradually lessened as one penetrates into the upper town, climbing, not without fatigue, the steep streets, nearly all as horribly badly paved as the *callecitas* of Andalusian towns. The gardens have disappeared behind high walls, but here and there are little squares, bordered by dusty and sickly-looking trees, and adorned with statues, poor alike in design and execution, set up in honor of João I., Camoens, the Duke of Terceira, or Pedro IV. There is no true public promenade at Lisbon, for we can hardly give this name to a few squares, well kept, it is true, such as the Rocio, the Praça de Camoens, the Estrella garden, and the Passeio Publico, which are altogether inadequate for a population numbering 300,000.



THE BELEM TOWER.

Having seen one house at Lisbon, one may be said to have seen them all. It is rare in the Lusitanian capital to meet with one of the pretty little dwellings with shady inside galleries, the bright *patios* full of roses, jasmine, and lilies, in which one listens half asleep to the murmur

> "Of the everlasting plaint ..."

sobbed forth by splashing fountains.

Though the Spanish, in spite of their hereditary hatred of the *Moro odioso*, have had the good taste to respect the practical and artistic architectural skill of the fortunate conqueror of his country, the Portuguese, with their ferocious *hispanophagy*—at least so I have been told, by way of a hoax, probably—have been obliged, rather than run any risk of being supposed to share the taste of their hated neighbors, to shut themselves up in the absurd boxes they call houses, without inner courts, and the greater part of which are deprived of air and light. I would rather, however, adopt the opinion that the Marquis de Pombal evolved the Lisbon style of building, so commonplace in its flat uniformity, as a precaution against a danger threatening his fellow-countrymen.

The great minister, anxious to save Lisbon, so subject to earthquakes, from a catastrophe such as that of 1755, thought it necessary to adopt a fixed style of architecture, in which, in case of an earthquake, the masonry alone would fall, whilst the wood-work, kept in place by tenons and other accessories, would remain standing beneath its protecting roof. For the same reason, doubtless, two houses were always built together, instead of separately, these houses being imprisoned in stone walls as soon as the timber-work was finished, each retaining a sort of relative individuality. The houses of Lisbon are only lighted from the back and front, so that the middle part of the inside is quite dark, and is but a kind of thoroughfare into which the apartments open. From this description it will be seen that the unfortunate Lisbon architects are seldom allowed to give any scope to their imaginations, and the clumsy designs of master-masons are all that are required in the quasi-mechanical development of modern Lisbon.

We are therefore obliged to confess that nothing could equal the monotony of a walk in the steep streets of the capital of Portugal, if it were not that here and there the eye of the visitor is arrested by the rich facings of old tiles, which relieve the commonplace façades of the houses.

Azulejos, or tiles, are very much used in Portugal, and in some of the houses the inside walls have a dado of them three feet high. In a few instances the facing of tiles goes right up to the ceiling. I have even seen in a narrow street in a suburb of Lisbon a house with the façade completely covered with *azulejos*. The tiles are squares of fine clay, one side of which is enamelled. The largest are not more than thirty centimetres square. There are two kinds of *azulejos*—those with flat surfaces, which were the first to be used, and are still generally employed, and those with designs in relief, representing arabesques, flowers, and fruit. The tiles dating from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are especially sought after. The designs are nearly always of an azure-blue color, and stand out distinctly from a white ground.

The churches of Lisbon nearly all resemble the unsatisfactory ecclesiastical Italian buildings of the seventeenth century being in a rococo style, with the same gaudy interior decoration. Not one, not even the Basilica of Santa Maria, deserves so much as a few lines of description. As for the three royal palaces known as Da Ajuda, Das Necessidades, and De Belem, they are of distressing mediocrity of style. The appearance of the new barracks in Paris is more pleasing. It must be owned that in this fine country of Portugal the Divine and Royal Majesties are alike very poorly lodged.

The churches and convents of Lisbon contain a good many paintings, which are of but little general interest, although they are nearly all attributed to the famous Gran Vasco, whose artistic glory is unrivalled, in the opinion of the Portuguese, except by Camoens, the great poet of the sixteenth century, the author of "Os Lusiadas." The pictures attributed to Gran Vasco are numbered by hundreds, and distributed amongst churches, museums, and private galleries belonging to the royal family. The Academy of the Fine Arts at Lisbon alone has more than fifty. Every badly painted, faintly lighted panel is by Gran Vasco, whether that panel represents the "Marriage of the Virgin," the "Adoration of the Magi," or the "Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian." Oh, what a number of old fogies of saints I have heard mercilessly attributed to this unfortunate artist!

I must, however, add a few words about this Gran Vasco, who has been raised by popular tradition to such great honor that it is impossible to take a step in Portugal without hearing his work lauded and his praises sung.

I therefore determined to set seriously about making acquaintance with the work of the great national artist. By way of roads more picturesque than passable for carriages I reached Vizeu, the sacred town of Portuguese art, the native place of Vasco Fernandez, surnamed Gran Vasco. There I saw a great many worm-eaten Gothic panels, and mostly quite unworthy of a reputation so universally acknowledged, from the banks of the Minho to the mountains of Algarve; heavy works, without character, the coloring lifeless, and the drawing without vigor, the productions, no doubt, of the inexperienced brushes of some Portuguese pupils of Lucas van Leyden and Goltzius, who founded a school in Spain in the sixteenth century. I was also fortunate enough to learn, in searching in the dusty archives of the church of Vizeu, that Vasco Fernandez was born in 1552, and was the son of the painter Francisco Fernandez; but I was unable to ascertain the date or the scene of his death. No detail of his artistic career has come down to posterity, and the legendary existence of this illustrious painter, although unknown beyond his own land, was not officially established until the end of the last century. Add to this that it is impossible to discover on the works attributed to Gran Vasco any letter, inscription, or sign, and you will readily understand the absolute silence of writers on art with regard to the bewildering impersonality of the works bearing his name.

And now, after my art pilgrimage to Vizeu, if I am asked my opinion of Gran Vasco and the old Portuguese school, I reply that this artist appears to me more than ever a quasi-mythical personage, and that the Portuguese school of painting appears to be represented merely by a series of old pictures, most of them without artistic value, and all belonging to one and the same period, viz., the reigns of Emmanuele and João III., the old patrons of the old *illuminadores*.

It would be altogether beyond the modest scope of this account of Lisbon, in which psychological subjects can only be touched *en passant*, if I were to attempt a comparison between the Portuguese and Spanish temperaments, so different in spite of the juxtaposition of their two countries. I must, however, be permitted to say how much I was struck with the profound contrast between the religious customs of the two nations of the Iberian peninsula. During my long wanderings in the churches and cloisters of Lisbon and other Portuguese towns my attention was scarcely ever arrested by the fervent manifestations of religious faith so frequent and often so touching in Spain. Oh, those prolonged ecstatic prostrations in Spain, beneath the long black mantles, and under the shadow of the massive humid pillars!

But a few days ago, in one of the most curious, though least known of the churches of Cordova, Nuestra Señora de la Fuentesanta, I witnessed one of those acts of Christian zeal still so common amongst the people of Spain, and to which they instinctively give an appearance of exaltation which is most striking.

The ancient gilded church, baked by the suns of many centuries, corroded by the gusts of scorching wind, and almost tottering with old age, rises far from the town, in a steep suburb at the end of a garden enclosed within lofty moss-grown walls, and full of grand orange and citron trees, sheltering lilacs in full flower and blue irises, in the midst of which splashed the limpid waters of the Fuentesanta, or Holy Fountain. I entered the building, and around me, on the walls, the ceiling, and the pillars, was the long series of quaint ex-voto offerings and images commemorative of some miraculous cure. Nuestra Señora de la Fuentesanta contains no less than three thousand touchingly simple illuminated designs, all representing the patron saint appearing on a cloud in a poorly furnished room to some dying sufferer, over whom she extends her healing hands, whilst the doctor gazes with sad face and dejected mien at his powerless mixtures set out on the night table. Then there are plaits of hair, and even masses of flowing hair, looking like scalps, hanging amongst embroidered stockings, silk dresses, ostrich eggs, stuffed crocodiles and lizards, and wax babies and bulls. I was making my pious inventory when I heard a deep sigh in the shadows near me. A woman in mourning, with her head draped in a long mantilla, was dragging herself on her knees across the church, pausing before each image of the Passion. She was pale, very emaciated, and seemed to be with difficulty performing a painful pilgrimage. The sacristan who was with me came up to me and whispered in my ear, "*La pobre mujer ora por su chico, que se está moriendo*" (The poor woman is praying for her child, who is dying). After this I could not take my eyes off this poor woman, who, with bleeding heart, was of her own free will bruising her knees upon the stones of the church. Willingly would I have knelt beside her and joined my prayers with those of this desolate mother at the feet of Nuestra Señora de la Fuentesanta, who gazed coldly down, looking upon this immense despair like a coquettish doll, wearing a silk dress trimmed with beads, her shoulders covered with a long white mantle embroidered with gold, on her head a pompous-looking pink hat decked with ostrich feathers, dainty satin slippers on her feet, light violet gloves on her hands, and rings on her fingers.

For a long time the poor mother dragged herself painfully along before the symbols of the Passion, pausing at last at the foot of a quaint figure of Christ roughly carved in wood by the inexperienced hand of some predecessor of Alonzo Cano or Berruguete. This statue was half hidden beneath an antique toreador costume of the heroic days of Pedro Romero, a long lock of real hair hung over the pale face of the "Christus," in which were two inordinately large sockets full of blood. I can still see the unfortunate woman with her arms extended before this sinister-looking object. Aloud, but in a voice choked with tears, she addressed a passionate prayer to the impassive crucified one, not pausing in her piteous appeal until her arms dropped heavily to her sides like two branches beneath the axe. Then she staggered to her feet and escaped, almost running from the church, her hands still clasped in prayer.

I never met with such a touching instance of piety in Portugal, where the churches, much less frequented than in Spain, look more like open-air promenades than mystic sanctuaries. The faithful—influenced no doubt by the conduct of the Portuguese clergy, who are only too ready to let the public know their powerlessness to overcome human frailty—merely pause in the churches *en passant*, and it would appear that their very mundane devotion springs merely from a wish not to break through an ancient and respectable tradition.

There are, however, some few monuments at Lisbon worthy of the attention of the visitor, notably the Tower of Belem, which is a perfect marvel, and the Monastery of the Hieronymites, or Hermits of St. Jerome. The Tower of Belem dates from the end of the fifteenth century, and was originally designed by Dom João II., though the actual execution took place in the reign of Dom Emmanuele. According to Garcia de Resende, the architect of this remarkable monument, "The King understood the desirability of building a tower on the right bank of the Tagus, a little above Lisbon, so that the fire from it might cross that of the Torre Velha." Like a skilful architect, Resende combined in his design the curves of the purest form of Gothic architecture with the bristling angles of military buildings. The ancient Tower of Belem, which no earthquake has succeeded in shaking, and which is as solid to-day as on the morrow of its erection, rises from a little promontory jutting out into the Tagus. The general style of the building is pure Gothic. The platform on which it stands is fortified and casemated. Its shape is square, and perhaps a little too massive; but the graceful pepper-caster towers which adorn the corners, and the pretty windows with sculptured balconies, relieve and brighten up its general appearance as a smile does a stern face.

The tower is under the charge of a few artillerymen, who are provided with twelve huge cannons, which peacefully repose beneath long tarpaulins, and beside which the guns of the Spanish are, according to the people of Lisbon, mere pocket-pistols. I have always thought that the chief object of this imposing array of artillery is to moderate the insatiable curiosity of the English tourist, lest he should be tempted to carry off the dainty fortress of Belem under his arm. And perhaps some day this bijou of architectural skill which the worst earthquakes have spared will be crushed by the bullets of a Lord Elgin!

Quite near to this monument rises the celebrated Convent of the Hieronymites, the foundations of which were laid in 1500, under the direction of the architects João Castilho and Boitaka. Its completion, however, required many years, and many architects successively superintended its erection. There is no originality about it, thanks to the predominantly bizarre style in which it is built—a style essentially composite, which was very much in vogue in the reign of Dom Manoel, and is constantly met with in buildings of his time. Its chief peculiarity is its wonderful richness of ornamentation, the result of the welding into the Gothic style of the Moresque trefoil, the Indian arabesque, and the delicately worked pilasters of the Renaissance.

The façade of the monument, which faces south, may be divided into five distinct parts, one of which, the principal entrance, is adorned with finials and statues, and is a regular masterpiece of Gothic architecture. It is built of the limestone so abundant in the neighborhood of Lisbon, and which on exposure to the sun acquires a beautiful reddish-golden color. The church is not more than about thirty-six feet wide by some hundred and twenty long. It contains the tombs of many monarchs and celebrated personages, including, amongst others, those of Dom Manoel João III., Dom Sebastian, Donna Catharina, the children of Dom Luis and Dom Carlos, and of Alfonso VI. Some of these monuments are adorned with quaint and very well preserved sculptures. Unfortunately, one cannot say as much for those of the magnificent mausoleums of Dom Pedro and Ignez de Castro, in the Convent of Alcobaça, which were—as our guide told us, making us blush for our nationality—mutilated by the soldiers of Junot. These barbarous heroes, insensible to the poetic memories connected with the monuments, knocked them about with their bayonets, and very few of the figures of the bass-reliefs are intact. One of the soldiers, having succeeded in hoisting himself on to the tomb on which lies the recumbent statue of Ignez, with hands folded on her breast, and upheld by four crouching lions, cut off with one fell back stroke of his sabre the nose of the fair martyr, who was thus pursued by implacable fate even in the calm sleep of death, and after the lapse of centuries.

The most interesting part of the Monastery of Belem is undoubtedly the cloister, although, from an architectural point of view, nothing could be more grotesque than the hea arches resting on frail little columns, cut out like lace, the capitals of which, after bifurcating at a little distance from the arch, join it by means of a series of quaint convolutions, from which, in their turn, spring rosettes and other mouldings of all manner of sizes, which cluster against the mass of the wall.

Since 1833 the monastery has been converted into a kind of public asylum, in which deserted children are received. This utilitarian purpose necessitated, in 1878, additions, the clumsy execution of which led to the fall of part of the building and the death of twenty workmen. The ruins beneath which so many bodies were buried were still visible when I was in Portugal, and doubtless will be for many years yet. When the traveller, pausing in astonishment before this gloomy mound of rubbish, asks if it will soon be removed, he will receive the same answer as I did, given with the careless indifference characteristic of the people of Portugal: "*Talvez amanha, senhor, se Deus quire*" (To-morrow, perhaps, sir, if it please God).

And yet, in spite of the generally commonplace character of these modern buildings, and the bad condition of the roads, in spite of the scanty open spaces—those few containing statues, as second-rate as those constantly being set up in Paris and London—Lisbon presents the appearance of a noble city; but it owes this to its picturesque mountain surroundings, and yet more to its situation on the shores of the Tagus, which itself presents the appearance of a moving town, with the countless merchant vessels from every part of the world anchored side by side in it, and from which daily goes up from amongst the black smoke from the engines the sound of many men at work.

The streets of the upper town are not much frequented, and their claustral silence contrasts strangely with the animation of the quays, which are intersected by numerous tramways, and constantly crowded with *gallegos* and *varinas*.

At the end of the day a good many people promenade in the wide streets known as *de Ouro* (the golden), *de Prata* (the silver), Augusta, and Chiado. These are the Lisbonian *alamedas*, or public walks, and there is plenty to please idlers, for the show in the shop windows is brilliant and constantly renewed. Side by side with the gaudy display of French modistes—who boldly offer for sale on the banks of the Tagus a truly marvellous collection of hats and bonnets, some of which appear to date from the time of the Princesse de Polignac, or the Queen Marie Amélie—we see, especially in the streets *de Ouro* and Augusta, windows full of filigree jewelry, which might have been made by fairy fingers, with exquisitely fine laces from Peniche and Setubal, of very pure and original designs.

In the capital of Portugal, as at Madrid, however, it is to the Plaza de Toros, the arena of Santa Anna, that the traveller should go on the day of a bull-fight if he wishes to get at one glance a notion of the general appearance of the Portuguese people. There, huddled together on the steps of the ancient arena, which is put together as lightly as the stage of a travelling circus, doubtless as a precaution in case of earthquakes, are *gallegos* in green hats, fishermen in red Tam o' Shanter caps, peasants in many-colored vests and broad-brimmed hats, and the great body of the *varinas*, all, whether young or old, decked out like idols. On their ample breasts huge hearts, made of filigree gold, shine like suns, attracting the most enraptured *olhados*.[*] There is something so laborious, and at the same time so melancholy, in the Portuguese *olhado*, with the perpetual turning up of the eyes involved in it, that one cannot help being reminded of the grimaces made by some unlucky fellow with a fish bone stuck in his throat. A woman who could remain insensible to such tokens of the tender passion would be made of marble, and such indifference is rare in Portugal. It must not be supposed that the *olhado* is peculiar to the lower orders. The man of the world makes known his passion in exactly the same way; and a pretty woman (also a rare thing in Portugal) who passes the Casa Havaneza on the Chiado between four and six o'clock in the afternoon will cause a great rolling of the eyes amongst all the idlers gathered there. Although she may walk along with eyes demurely cast down before this rolling fire of mute declarations, each one of the artillerists of love will fancy he has hit the mark and won the victory.

It was in the reign of José I.—the bull-fighting Philip IV. of Portugal—that the last bull was killed in the arena of Lisbon. The King was present at nearly all the contests, surrounded by the most charming women of his court; and Portuguese gentlemen considered it an honor to fight the bull in the presence of their sovereign and his fair companions. It was in one of the matches presided over by the King in person that the Duke of Arcos fell, mortally wounded by a thrust from the bull's horn in the abdomen. His father, the Marquis of Mirialva, Master of the Horse to his Majesty, flung himself into the arena, and seizing the sword dropped by his son, plunged it between the shoulders of the bull and killed it at a single blow. After this catastrophe the Marquis de Pombal declared it was time to put an end to such trials of skill, "Portugal not being sufficiently well peopled to be able to spare a man for a bull."

José I., accustomed to yield to the imperious advice of his minister, gave way, though with regret, and from this time the bull-fights lost their dramatic character, becoming what they are now.

In Portugal the bull, always with its horns tipped, is chased from the moment of its appearance on the scene by a cavalier in the costume of Louis XV., who, armed with long darts adorned with flags, and mounted on an excellent horse, tries to tire out the bull by flitting round him, and to arouse his anger by fixing in his shoulders as many of his *farpas*, or darts, as possible. The *cavalheiro em praça*, as he is called, is succeeded by the *forçados*, colossal fellows with huge limbs, recruited from amongst the quay porters, whose business it is to render the bull powerless by hanging on to its ears, its tail, or its limbs, like a pack of hounds. This result attained, the bull is taken back to the *toril* by a troop of *cabestros*, and his conquerors go round like professional beggars to the audience, holding out their green hats, into which pour a shower of *batacos*.[*] This is the coarse pastime which replaces in Portugal, in the ancient theatre of Santa Anna, as celebrated at the end of the eighteenth century as were the arenas of Seville and Arunda, the noble, graceful, and skilful blow from the sword of the Spanish *espada*.

If we had not made up our minds to the difficult task of closing our brief account of Lisbon by endeavoring to give some idea of the never-to-be-forgotten Cintra, we would gladly pause to give some detailed description of the charming scenery around, dotted with elegant *quintas*, or country houses, which form a kind of verdant belt to the town. As it is, we must be content merely to mention Cacilhas and the Casa de Piedade, little châteaus embowered in orange-trees, from which can be seen the gleaming white houses opposite the town on the other side of the Tagus; Bellas, with its fresh green valley; Queluz, a royal residence surrounded by lovely gardens, where the Queen-mother, Maria Pia, generally passes the summer; Algês, on a pretty, much-frequented beach, close to Lisbon; Cascaes, the chief whaling-station of Portugal, at the mouth of the Tagus, with a fine beach, commanding a good view of the sea and the bar of the river, but greatly wanting in vegetation, the stunted trees on the drives, distorted as they are by the winds from the offing, presenting a sickly and distressing appearance. For all this, Cascaes is the fashionable watering-place, and it is quite the thing to spend a few weeks there when the court is in residence.

But here is Cintra, the gleaming mountain, the glorious Eden, the throne of spring, the eighth wonder of the world, as it has been successively called in one of the finest cantos of Lord Byron's "Don Juan."

Cintra is about fourteen miles from Lisbon, on the western slope of a chain of volcanic mountains. It is approached by a wide, white, dusty road, bordered by stunted trees, sickly plane-trees, and huge aloes, which seem to threaten you with their swordlike spines. On either side of the road stretch fields of thinly sown maize, strewn with flints which have the metallic lustre of lava scoriæ.

Until the foot of the mountain against which nestles the little town of Cintra is reached the country is dreary and monotonous, and the traveller passes suddenly, without transition, from a parched desolate plain to the fresh cool shade of the finest trees in the world. Cork-trees with crooked branches and thick foliage, plane-trees and gigantic eucalypti, the trunks of some of which, stripped of their bark, stand out in the darkness of night, in the declivities of the road, like the shafts of old Doric columns; pines with bark burnt golden by the sunshine, elms centuries old, and cypresses garlanded with honeysuckle and full of singing-birds. Beneath the shade of these trees rise pretty *quintas*, or country houses, surrounded by beautiful gardens. One of these villas, Monseratte, also known as the English house, owned by the wealthy Sir Francis Cook, is a perfect marvel. It is a fairylike white marble palace, adorned with delicate lacelike carving, and furnished, with exquisite taste, with everything most costly and most rare that could be obtained in the remote Orient.

The mountain is overlooked by the Penha Castle, which, originally built by the Moors, was later inhabited by monks, who let it fall into decay. It was, however, restored by King Fernando, who made it his favorite residence. We had the honor of being received in it by the old King, who led us about for several hours, which seemed to us like a dream, amongst the priceless art treasures hoarded up by him in his aerial home. He spent millions on the restoration of the outside alone of this wonderful building, and succeeded in saving from certain ruin this masterpiece of fantastic architecture, with its donjons and posterns, its battlements and machicolation, its delicate trefoil decorations, its gates with their quaint inscriptions, its walls covered with marvellously interlaced arabesques, its yellow cupolas gilded by the sunshine, which look, in the distance, like huge Cimmerian helmets, the whole forming a fitting crown to this unique mountain, the slopes of which are clothed with all the luxuriance of Oriental vegetation. We wandered happily about amongst the woods of camellias as large as oaks, superb azaleas, citron-trees laden with pale gold fruit, araucariæ as lofty as towers, eucalypti with leathery leaves, and fuchsias with blood-red flowers; then, after having walked for a long time in the cool shade, listening to the gurgling and splashing of fountains, hidden behind the curtains of hydrangeæ and gentians, which filled the air with their strong, almost overpowering scent, we entered the forest of cryptogams. Imagine a pile of cyclopean rocks surrounded by black prolific soil, from which goes up the peculiar smell of virgin earth, in which grow lofty ferns with velvetlike stems, beneath which houses might be built—quaint ancient denizens of luxuriant groves of flowerless plants, which flourished here, perhaps, before the dawn of history!

The narrow paths leading to the Penha Palace are so steep that we were often compelled to pause to take breath. Then we stretched ourselves out at the foot of great rocks covered with ficoideæ, which hung from them like long green hair, decked with red starlike flowers, and looked around us. Beneath our feet stretched vast plains, baked by the sun, without trees or verdure, dotted here and there with a few white villages; on the right, against the clear azure-blue horizon, rose the famous lines of Torres Vedras and the valley of Vimieira, where Junot defeated the English army, whilst beyond we could make out the sandy desert which begins at the foot of the low mountains of Roliça, where General Delaborde, at the head of 3000 Frenchmen, checked the march of 15,000 Englishmen.[†] In the midst of these desolated plains, so white that the few clouds in the sky are reflected on them, rises the sad and gloomy though sunlit Mafra, the huge Escorial of the Portuguese monarchs.

When, in imagination, I see once more the divine mountain of Cintra, with its fairylike palace and its mantle of flowers bathed in light and full of sweet perfumes, I feel as if I were mourning a lost Paradise, scarce seen in one brief hour of bliss, to be lost for evermore. To enraptured Italians, who say that the greatest bliss is to see Naples and die, the Portuguese might well reply that the greatest joy would be to see Cintra and live there for evermore.

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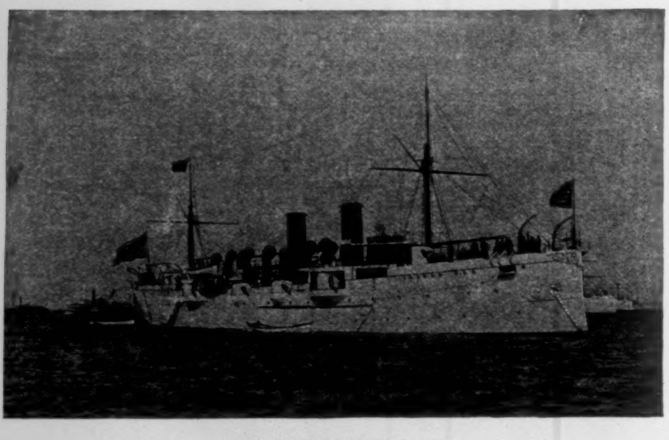
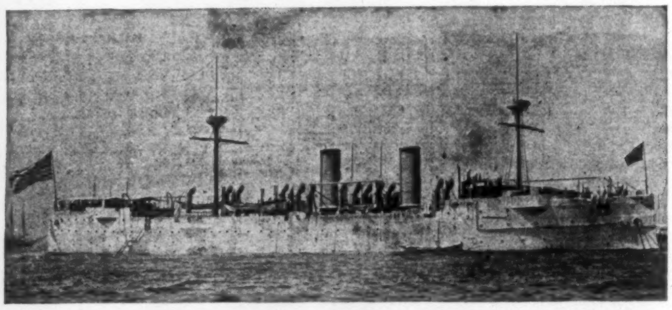
[*] The English equivalent to the *olhado* is "casting sheep's eyes."—TRANS.

[*] Small Portuguese coin.

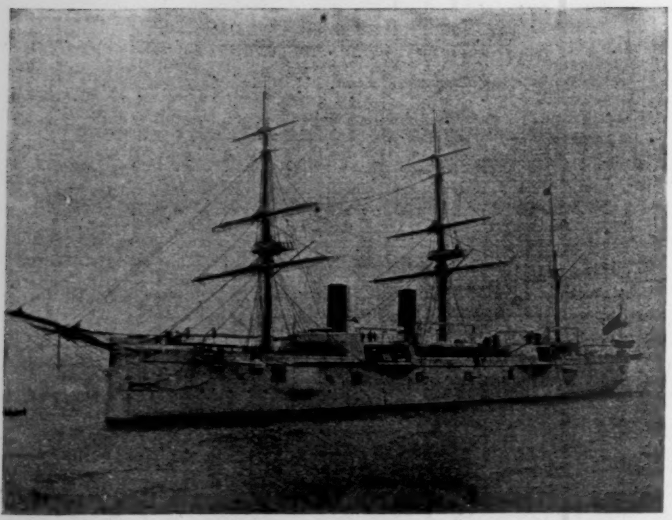
[†] This seems scarcely a fair way of stating the fact that in the Peninsular War Wellington, after the great victory of Talavera in July, 1809, retired behind the lines of Torres Vedras to gather up strength for the march which resulted in the driving of the French from Spain and Portugal in 1811. It was to this judicious "retreat" to Torres Vedras that was due the final and complete success of the British arms.—TRANS.



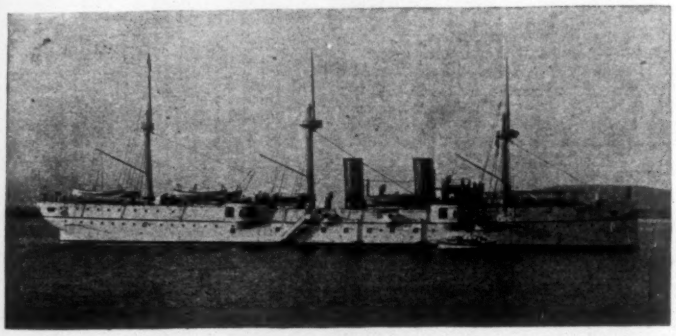
U. S. S. "PHILADELPHIA."



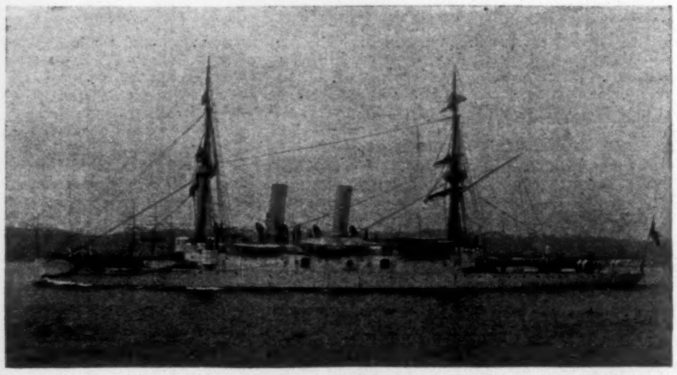
U. S. S. "BALTIMORE."



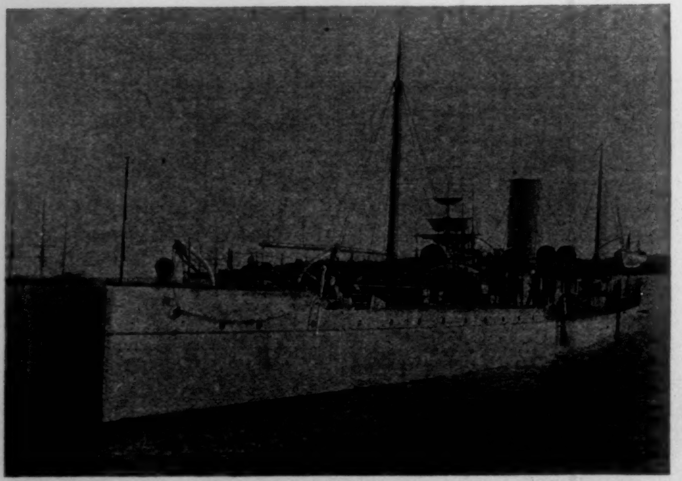
U. S. S. "CHICAGO."



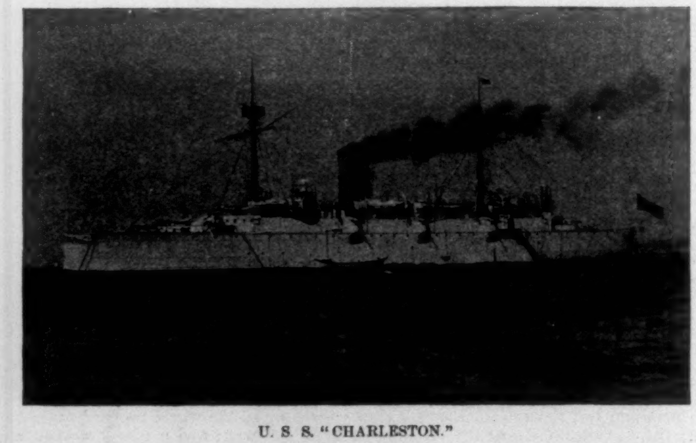
U. S. S. "SAN FRANCISCO."



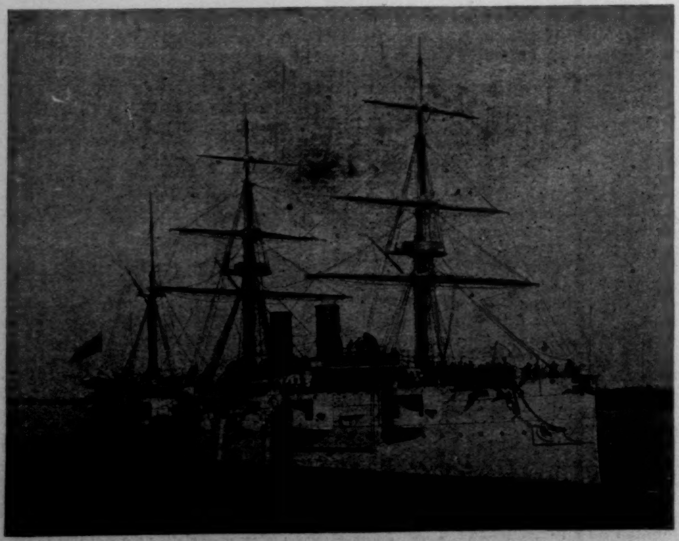
U. S. S. "ATLANTA."



U. S. S. "VESUVIUS."



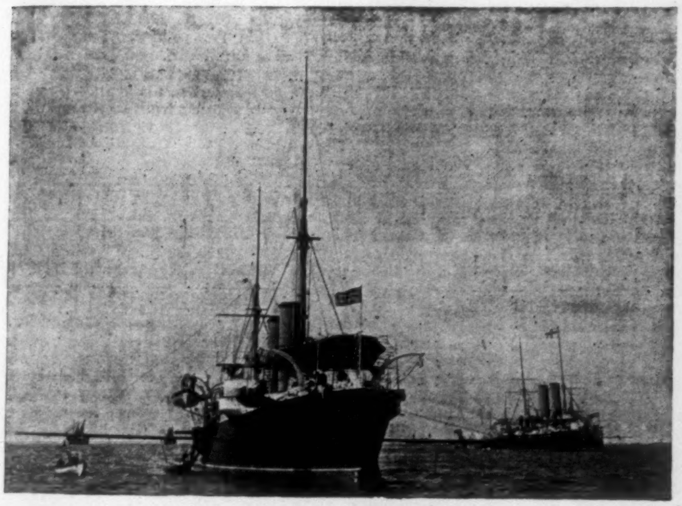
U. S. S. "CHARLESTON."



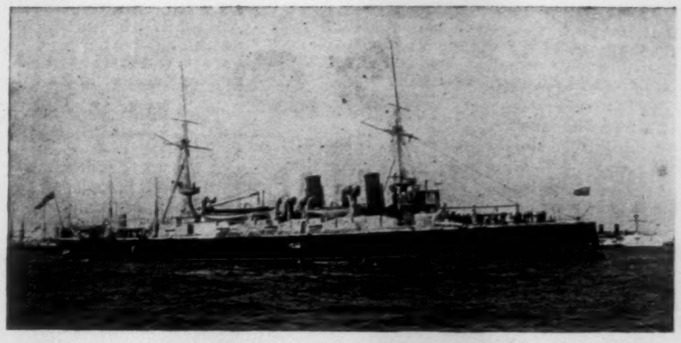
U. S. S. "NEWARK."

U. S. S. "DOLPHIN."

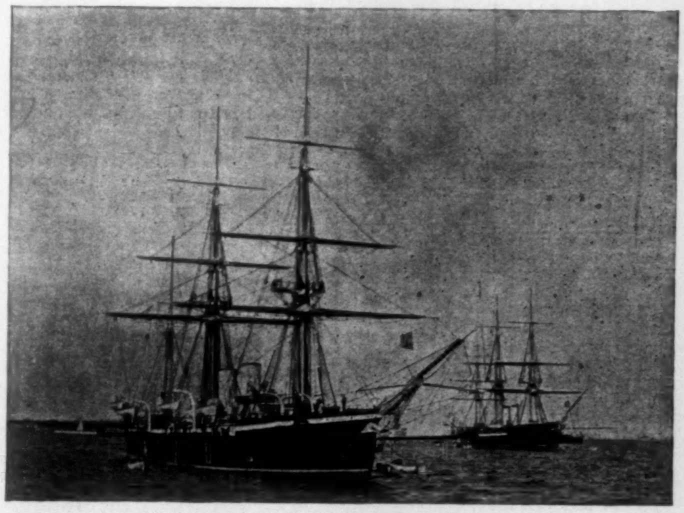
WITH THE FLEET AT HAMPTON ROADS—SHIPS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.—From Photographs.—[See Page 406.]



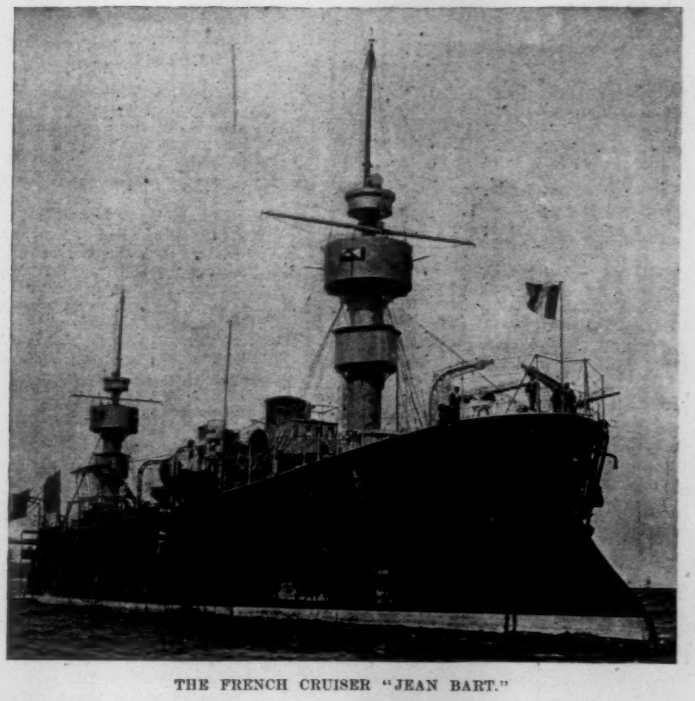
THE "MAGICIENNE" AND THE "BLAKE" (ENGLISH).



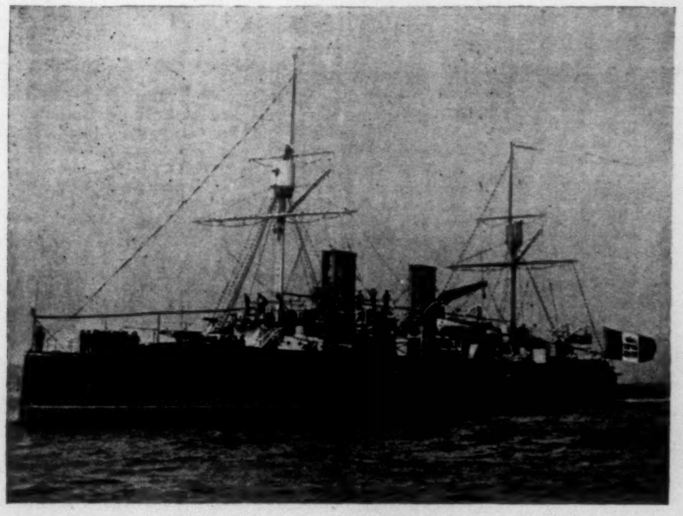
THE "AUSTRALIA" (ENGLISH).



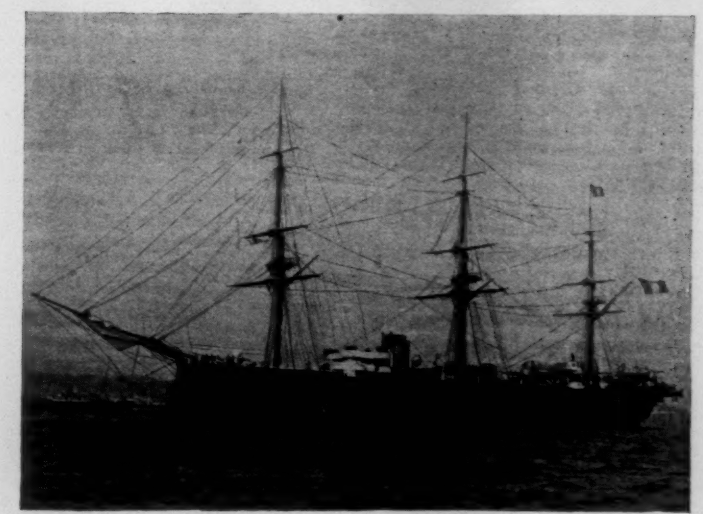
THE RUSSIAN SHIPS "GENERAL ADMIRAL" AND "RYNDA."



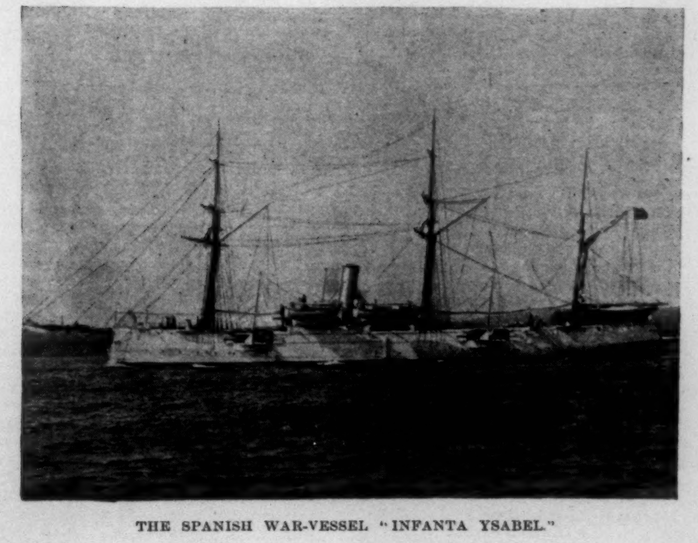
THE FRENCH CRUISER "JEAN BART."



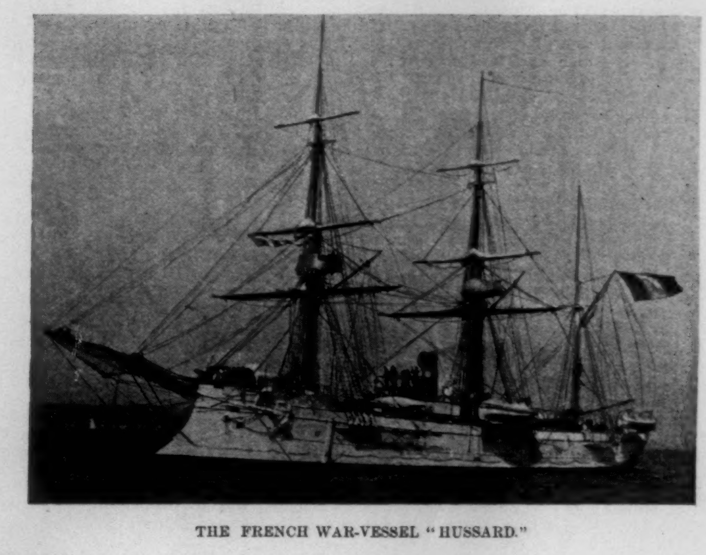
THE ITALIAN WAR-VESSEL "GIOVANNI BAUSAN."



THE FRENCH WAR-VESSEL "ARÉTHUSE."



THE SPANISH WAR-VESSEL "INFANTA YSABEL."



THE FRENCH WAR-VESSEL "HUSSARD."

WITH THE FLEET AT HAMPTON ROADS—SOME OF THE FOREIGN SHIPS.—From Photographs.—[See Page 406.]

IN THE WOOD.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Now it is April! Come with me
Into the heart of the waiting wood,
Dark with great emerald glooms, and sweet
With sense of slumberous solitude.

Here in the dewy gleam alit,
With flickering sun and fitful blue,
Down the tranced depths how strong, it seems,
The spell is laid, how silent too!

As if the moveless hemlocks there,
The mystic cedars, knew the bond
That held them cast in changeless calm,
Waiting the lifting of a wand.

Nay, then, has silence' self a voice
Of wide and murmurous music? Hark!
Is that dank distance only dim
With quivering light? You thought it dark?

Where you shall tread, all unaware,
The velvet moss, from hiding cool
A troop of sparkles toss and fly,
A troop of dimples break the pool.

And close about the kingly bole
In the dead bracken of his lair
A cloud of bursting buds have shed
Their dusty sweetness on the air.

The maple like an ember burns
Far down the misty forest reach;
Yonder the shadows prank themselves
In the green sunshine of the beech.

And where that great bough slowly lifts
A dusky plume, and falls on rest,
Nestles a mother-bird, and broods
The song to come beneath her breast.

The whisper of the parting sheath,
The pushing bud, is singing there
Under the breath to half-guessed tunes
Of trickling waters everywhere.

With thrills along the last year's leaf,
With seeds that start, with wings that whir,
With motion and with sound, the world,
The dark sweet world, is all astir.

In the deep wood this April day
Feel, then, with what a yearning flight
From every darkling clod the earth
Springs upward like a soul to light!

Music and Drama

THE first season of the Theatre of Arts and Letters came to an end last week with its fifth subscription performance at Palmer's Theatre. On the following night the Theatre of Arts and Letters opened its doors for the edification and enlightenment of the general public at regular prices. That the said general public did not flock to avail themselves of the privileges thus offered does not prove so much that there were no privileges to offer as that said general public knows what amuses it, if not what is best for its edification and enlightenment. But is it quite fair to the subscribers of the Theatre of Arts and Letters that they should pay five dollars to see an entertainment one night, when they might just as well wait till the following night and only pay a dollar and a half?

In spite of obvious defects and errors of managerial judgment, the season of the Theatre of Arts and Letters has not been barren of result in showing, first, that there is a class of people who are willing to pay five dollars for an entertainment, and be apparently content with a *quid pro quo* of rather dubious value and utility; secondly, that there are not enough good plays, worthy of being represented on the stage at all, scorned by managers, to make the existence of an institution to provide for their production a crying necessity; and thirdly, that there does exist in New York a public intelligent and cultured enough to judge plays by some other standard than that of their capacity for simply providing amusement. This last result should insure the continuance of the Theatre of Arts and Letters, and even possibly compass its ultimate development into a national theatre, should the management succeed in finding and furnishing its patrons with the proper dramatic pabulum.

The last and also best performance of the series was made notable by the production of the one play of real literary and dramatic merit which the Theatre of Arts and Letters has fathered thus far. Those who have read Miss Mary E. Wilkins's admirable short stories did not need to see her play of *Giles Corey, Yeoman*, to learn that she has a marked feeling for dramatic situation and effect, great power of characterization, literary attainments of a high order, and that her work in general is sincere, forcible, and direct. As a play *Giles Corey, Yeoman*, possesses dramatic truth, because one feels that both life and character at a period whose narrow prejudice, bigotry, and superstition vied with that of the Spanish Inquisition, might well have been as Miss Wilkins depicts them. It lacks the principal essential of great dramatic art, dramatic contrast; and here lies its principal fault. The play, whose simple story tells how a godly New England woman is arrested and hanged for witchcraft, and her husband crushed between stones for refusing to confess his belief that she was a witch, is not a pleasant one. The note of the darkest gloom and deepest melancholy struck in the opening scene rings through the play to the close, and grows monotonous from the over-sincerity and over-persistency of the author in setting forth her dominant theme. Not a moment of relief does she allow us from the despairing emotion with which, like thunder-clouds, the play is overcharged. One cannot fail to be impressed with the power and truth, the force and directness, of the author's dramatic conceptions, but the play fails in enlisting our sympathies in that it recalls a period of our history that we would willingly forget. The more, too, as, preposterous as it may seem at the end of the nineteenth century, the spirit of barbarous superstition which prompts men to kill and burn their fellows still lingers among us; for did not last week a great daily publish a column of news headed "In Terror of an Alleged Witch," in which we are told that a New Jersey woman has the power of blighting the life by a glance of her eye, and is said to have made four children ill, and also to have "demoralized a cow"?

There might not at first sight appear to be many points of contact or resemblance between Miss Wilkins's play and Mr. Hoyt's *A Texas Steer*, and yet one has but to step from Palmer's Theatre across the way to see a play which equally with Miss Wilkins's carries conviction with it as being true to nature. Naturally, one play is literature, and the other is not; but the one succeeds in being popularly attractive where the other never could. Although the one is frankly satirical to the verge of caricature where the other is despairingly realistic, both are distinctively American, both illustrate distinctive phases of national life, and both suggest at least tendencies and possibilities of a national dramatic art, though in differing directions and with differing aims. To be successful, a short story should represent a single idea, a single dominant emotion; and its strength and effect lie in the persistency with which this single idea is enforced by the incessant reiteration of a single note of emotion and dramatic color. But what is the chief merit in a short story becomes the principal defect in a four-act play. This fact Miss Wilkins will learn to appreciate, and will undoubtedly yet write a great play, for which her work in *Giles Corey, Yeoman*, shows that she possesses all the necessary qualifications. The play was admirably acted by Mrs. Booth, Mr. Plympton, Miss Kimball, Mr. Elliot, and the other members of the cast and as a realistic picture, though an unpleasant one, of one side of American life, has not been surpassed on the contemporary stage.

Chicago is now the Mecca toward which all musical eyes are turned. The Bureau of Music announces that the musical features of the ceremonies opening the exposition on May 1st include Professor Paine's "Columbus March and Hymn," Beethoven's "In Praise of God," and Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus." A large orchestra, various military bands, and a chorus of 1500 voices will participate in the ceremonies opening the exposition. The Bureau of Music also has issued the programme for the special concerts up to the end of July, which presents features of notable interest, although one looks in vain for any concerts of American music. Indeed, beyond the fact that the programme for the concert of the Kneisel String Quartet, on the 25th of May, will include a violin sonata and a piano quartet by Messrs. MacDowell and Foote respectively, no American composer is even mentioned! The bureau also announces that M. Paderewski has delayed his return to Europe in order to participate in the opening concert of the exposition; and also that the regular musical features of the entire exposition period include bi-weekly orchestral concerts in Music Hall, daily popular concerts in Festival Hall, and organ recitals. The daily popular concerts, free to all, will begin Tuesday, May 2d.

Apart from the architecture, the Woman's Building of the exposition will be perhaps its most notable feature, as woman's work throughout the world will therein be illustrated in a way calculated to surprise those who still maintain the inferiority of the fair sex. Three female composers will be represented on the programme dedicating the Woman's Building—Ingeborg von Bronsart, of Weimar, Germany, by a march for orchestra; Miss Frances Ellicott, of London, by a dramatic overture, which English critics have united in praising; Mrs. H. A. H. Beach, of Boston, the shining light among American women composers, by a "Jubilate" for mixed voices and orchestra written for the occasion. An eminent French critic once said of Augusta Holmès, the well-known French woman composer (one notes, by-the-way, the omission of a representative French female composer from the above programme) that "like most women, she tries to prove her own virility by making a tremendous noise." It is to be hoped that this will not apply to the compositions to be heard in Chicago. There certainly seems no adequate reason why women, who have attained eminence in all the other arts, should not compass a like eminence in music; possibly the woman's exposition will succeed in proving that they have already done so. A dramatic overture by a Miss Lang was recently played in Boston by the Symphony Orchestra with great success; but, on the whole, the record made by women in music hitherto is not brilliant, and we must look to the future rather than to the past to justify their claims as musicians.

Miss Coghlan last week once more delighted her many admirers by her charming and highly finished impersonation of the heroine in Charles Reade's clever comedy *Peg Woffington*. This impersonation is too well known to New York audiences to call for extended comment; but it may be said that Miss Coghlan's art is even more finished than of yore, and whether as the gay-hearted and dashing actress or the thoughtful and tender-hearted woman, her charm as Peg Woffington is undeniable. Her company, which has recently been re-enforced by the engagement of Mr. Courtenay Thorpe, is of unusual excellence, and the play in consequence is in all respects admirably cast.

After appearing successfully for two weeks as Don Cæsar de Bazan, Mr. Alexander Salvini gave us another taste of his quality last week by his portrayal of D'Artagnan in Dumas's play of the *Three Guardsmen*. As an actor, Mr. Salvini has made decided advances in his art since last seen, and has beyond question a future as well as a present. Though to a certain extent lacking at times in repose and considered contrast, Mr. Salvini brings to his task spirit, enthusiasm, evident and manly sincerity, grace, humor, and a certain picturesqueness in style which fit him admirably for the romantic school of drama, in which he can certainly lay claim to a foremost place. One would think that a play like the *Three Guardsmen* is hardly worthy of his steel. It is a romantic melodrama of the *Monte Cristo* type, full of spirited action, hair-breadth escapes, hand-to-hand encounters, duels, and thrilling adventures of various kinds. The villain, who dominates in the beginning, is crushed in the end by triumphant virtue and valor combined, and the audience, who, not having seen dramas of this type for some years, seems to take most kindly to them, goes away in a thoroughly satisfied frame of mind. The *Three Guardsmen*, which in accordance with modern ideas is over-long, was fairly well put upon the stage as regards scenery and costume, and apart from the star sufficiently well acted to bring out the author's intentions. As D'Artagnan, Mr. Salvini was all that could be desired, and especial note should be made of his pantomime. Of his support, Mr. Johnson as Cardinal Richelieu, Mr. Redmond as Athos, Miss Craigen as the Queen, and Miss Dixon as Constance were effective.

Much is being written and said in Paris about Delibes's posthumous opera *Kassya*, recently produced there at the Opéra Comique with most decided success. Always a slow worker, Delibes was four years and a half in writing the piano score of this opera, and had finished the orchestration up to the middle of the second act when he died. Curiously enough, his pen stopped on the fateful words "My work is finished." Massenet, as is known, undertook to complete the score, and has done so with such rare skill and tact that one cannot even notice the point where Delibes ended and Massenet began. The score is said to be full of charming inspirations, and remarkable for both rhythmic and melodic force, color, and originality. The story, taken from a Hungarian tale, is said to form a series of popular pictures singularly adapted to show the composer in his best light. Drinking-songs and serenades, the Christmas festival with its varied spectacle of merchants and peasants, lordly revels and glittering fêtes, gypsy dances and rustic revolutions, an assault of castles, and the tribunals of peasants, the whole bound together by a constantly moving and stirring dramatic action, form a series of stage pictures at once striking and interesting, which have been illustrated by the composer with music characterized as "thoroughly French, thoroughly interesting, and thoroughly original." A charming ballet in the fourth act forms a principal feature of the work, and will doubtless be heard in the concert-room erelong. One also notes that M. Gounod has emerged from his retirement to write some not very important music for a kind of modern passion play, *Les Drames sacrés*, now being presented at the Vaudeville Théâtre, Paris, on the boards made famous by the tread of Judic, Théo, and Jeanne Granier. Could any locale be less appropriate? The drama itself, which is half sceptical, half sentimentally religious, in tone, forms the basis for a number of tableaux on different themes depicting incidents in the life of Christ. One remarkable tableau is the rebellion of the forest trees, each refusing to be selected as the one from whose wood the cross should be hewn. At last the oak, upon whose branches Judas hanged himself, offers itself. Could anything be more thoroughly French in half-cynical sentimentality, and in the inharmonious and incongruous juxtaposition of the sacred and the secular, the real and the unreal?

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

THE RENDEZVOUS AT HAMPTON ROADS.

NOTHING could have been better than the selection of Hampton Roads as the point of rendezvous for the united fleets. The spaciousness of the roadstead, and its immunity from the shuttling of water-borne commerce, made the anchorage an ideal one for just such a shaking down and fillip-ing as vessels gathered for a holiday are apt to need. The weather was, for the season, so fairly good that ship-visiting was shorn of its terrors; and so unvexed was the holding-ground that the cruisers swung clear at their hawses tide in and out. Markets and laundries were near enough to make glad the hearts of messes, for grub and clean linen are two problems often so hard to solve; squadrons of handsome girls and still handsomer matrons waited ashore with the blithest of welcomes, and so near were definite centres of population that thousands gathered and gave life and color and human interest to the scene. There was a hurry-skurry, a rush, all day and far into the night, but it was the best-mannered throng I have ever seen, that is, so far as the natives were concerned. For these bright-eyed, soft-voiced, languid Virginians are a courteous race, inventors and practisers of traditions worthy of copying, and they take their pleasure soberly, and with such a smiling gentleness that it was a tonic to be near them.

So far as the orderly gathering of fine cruisers could make, the rendezvous was a great success. The four-fathom curves skirting either side of the channelway lend themselves harmoniously to the picturesque disposition of the fleet. The Russians were the first to arrive, and took station to the southward of the *Philadelphia*. The French were echeloned further to the westward, and near them were the Germans and the Italians. Directly off the *Philadelphia's* bow was the squatty-sparred, steep-boomed *Van Speyk*, the sole representative of Holland. Furthest seaward was the English squadron, five in the beginning, and later four, troubles in the West Indies having called away, to their hearts' ache, the gallant officers of that very trim and saucy *Partridge*, which shared with the *Bancroft* and the *Vesuvius* the baby honors of the fleet. Perhaps the keenest expectation was aroused by the *Blake*, the English flag-ship, though the German *Kaiserin* and the French *Jean Bart*, when grouped with it, made a trio that divided the allegiance of experts. To my mind, nothing was finer than the *Australia*. But as this is tacking in dangerous waters, any comparison can be made only when they are our guests no longer. Twenty-four foreign vessels in all were expected, and most of these reported at the rendezvous, and each nation took up its allotted duties with a cheerfulness and a zeal that discredited the clashings which some of the prophets of woe so dolefully predicted. As a matter of contemporaneous interest, I add here the names, countries, and classes of the vessels, though I am afraid this will convey but little save a dry enumeration of the ships:

Name.	Class.
Argentina—	
Nueve de Julio	Protected cruiser.
Brazil—	
Aquidaban	Battle-ship.
Tiradentes	Gun-vessel.
Republica	Protected cruiser.
England—	
Blake	Armored cruiser.
Australia	Armored cruiser.
Magicienne	Protected cruiser.
Tartar	Part protected cruiser.
Partridge	Part protected cruiser.
France—	
Jean Bart	Protected cruiser.
Aréthuse	Unprotected cruiser; wood.
Hussard	Unprotected cruiser.
Germany—	
Kaiserin Augusta	Protected cruiser.
Seeadler	Unprotected cruiser.
Holland—	
Van Speyk	Unprotected cruiser.
Italy—	
Etna	Protected cruiser.
Giovanni Bausan	Part protected cruiser.
Dogali	Protected cruiser.
Russia—	
Dimitri Donskoi	Armored cruiser; barbette.
General Admiral	Armored cruiser; barbette.
Rynda	Part protected cruiser.
Emperor Nicholas I	Turret battle-ship.
Admiral Nachimoff	Armored cruiser; barbette.
Pamiate Azova	Armored cruiser; barbette.
Spain—	
Reina Regente	Protected cruiser.
Infanta Isabel	Unprotected cruiser.
Nueva España	Torpedo-vessel.

Good times ashore and afloat were mast-head high. Official dinners began early, and for the first week in the history of our alleged civilization the traditional hospitality of this country was amplified with a special allowance made by the government. Hitherto the burden of this wining and dining and dancing has weighed heavily upon our underpaid representatives; but a tardy sense of justice was unmoored for this occasion, and out of the general appropriation a small sum was allotted for entertainment. Each foreign vessel was assigned to the care of some one American cruiser, and you may be sure with Baltimore and Norfolk under their lee, "they had meat, and they could eat, and that the Lord was thankit," if one may paraphrase the immortal Bobby in such irreverent fashion. On board the *Dolphin* the flag and commanding officers were feasted; the yachts, notably the *Marguerite*—that rare combination of speed and stanchness—vied with the official gatherings, and at the Army Club there were a sincerity of welcome and a breadth of good fellowship that cheered and charmed the visitors. It was a pity the good intentions of the military officers were so much frustrated by the parsimony of Congress, for not a dollar was allowed them to hold up that end of which we are always bragging. It was proposed to furnish and allot one casemate to each of the nations, to make for the officers when ashore a little place of their own, a pied-à-terre, where they could go, write their letters, swig their grog, and, if detained overnight, sleep peacefully. No happier thought in the interest of a sailor's comfort ever came to a worse realization, for when it was suggested that our people would scarcely care to have the entertainment of their guests paid by a very few, my lords of the committee sniffed valorously, and swore they would see the whole rag, tag, and bobtail of them in some dreadful place before a dollar of the nation should be spent that way. And of course this was patriotic and delightful. However, the foreign sailors did not suffer, for, indeed, nothing gave them greater pleasure than their reception by those splendid American gunners.

There is little more to tell. At the appointed time the fleet got under way, and very prettily the ships took up their position in columns; followed by a Falstaff array of sea craft, they steamed slowly out of the Roads, skirted the shoals, slipped through the capes, became a dull mass of hulls, then a cloud of smoke, and then nothing, for the creditable rendezvous was over, and Old Point came to its own again.

J. D. Jerrold Kelley.

A STONE RHINOCEROS FROM DAKOTA.

In October last the American Museum of Natural History of New York received a car-load of fossil freight from the "Bad Lands" of South Dakota. Among the lot were three boxes containing three large blocks of sandstone, in which were embedded the remains of an ancient rhinoceros of Dakota. These blocks were not very promising, as only one or two fragments of bone could be seen projecting, but they were put in the hands of an expert *préparateur*, who has had long training in excavating bones from their hard bed, and after three months' work out comes a complete skeleton of a rhinoceros.

The animal was not in a natural position; for some reason the head and the tail regions had been doubled up together. This rendered the work of clearing out the ribs and smaller bones all the more difficult, and at one time it seemed almost impossible to get the entire skeleton in place. But finally one part after another turned up, except one fore limb and a few ribs, until the skeleton was complete from the end of the nose to the tip of the tail. The tail vertebræ taper off delicately to a fine point, showing that the tail was longer and more slender than in the modern rhinoceros. Then the work of setting up the fossil began, and very careful consideration was given to this matter, for it was evident that this rhinoceros is by far the finest specimen of its kind in the world, and deserved the handsomest treatment which the museum could give it. It was finally decided to mount it in high relief, like one of the Bulls of Nineveh, to leave the stone between some of the spines of the backbone, and to give the entire bed of the fossil the same character as the hard greenish-gray sandstone in which it was found in South Dakota.

This plan proved to be completely successful, and the animal can now be seen in the Museum mounted in position upon a large slab measuring about nine by five feet, and cased in a solid setting of mahogany. It gives the impression to the visitor of having been found and chiselled out of the matrix just as it is. The fore and hind limbs are in the walking position, and the head is slightly elevated, so that to the eye of an osteologist, which can always clothe a skeleton with flesh and hide, the position is a very natural and lifelike one. It certainly conveys the effect which it is desired to give—in the first place, that the animal is completely petrified, and, in the second place, that it has been cut out of a bed of solid sandstone. The length of the animal is about eight feet, and its height a little less than five. It is evidently about the size of the modern rhinoceros of Sumatra, and considerably smaller than the great rhinoceros of central Africa, or the woolly rhinoceros of northern Europe, which has been found in such numbers upon the shores of the great rivers of Siberia. This rhinoceros is, in fact, not the largest which was evolved in North America, but it is one of the ancestors of the highest type which we produced in our Western country in Miocene times. There are three toes in front and three behind, and a pair of teeth both in the upper and lower jaws which are wanting in most of the modern rhinoceroses. Another feature is, the animal has no horns; the skull is completely smooth; yet there are rough points upon the top of the skull which give promise of the later development of the horns which are characteristic of all the living members of the rhinoceros family. The general build of the animal is, as far as it is possible for a rhinoceros to be so, rather graceful, and indicates that it was much swifter-footed than most of the modern types. The spreading toes are backed in the restoration with sandstone, and behind them were found even the little sesamoid bones which played in the tendons at the back of the joints.

When we compare this with some of the well-known discoveries of rhinoceroses in Europe and this country, we find that all the early rhinoceroses have hitherto been represented only by skulls and detached portions of the limbs and feet. A species of the same age as the American Museum specimen in France is found partly complete, that is, the limbs and ribs are in place, but not the skull; and this specimen is preserved, we believe, in the Museum of the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, and is the only one which nearly rivals this new *Aceratherium tridactulum*, as this rhinoceros is called. The finest fossil rhinoceros in the world is, therefore, the specimen we are describing. The geological age is Middle Miocene; in the top of the Miocene are great bone beds of rhinoceroses—cemeteries of the herds which fairly covered the country during that old geological period, and the museum has instructed its Western expedition of this season, which, as before, is in the skilful charge of Dr. J. L. Wortman, to procure if possible a skeleton of one of these later types of rhinoceroses, as it is proposed to set up a great case in which the skeleton of the modern rhinoceros will be placed in the centre, and three or four of its ancient relatives will be placed at the corners. This case will illustrate the whole chapter of rhinoceros history in North America, and will be as instructive and interesting as a collection of fossils can be made.

The way to enjoy and to appreciate a fossil—in other words, to prevent its becoming dry—is to use one's imagination both as to its form and early surroundings. In itself it is merely a pile of bones, as dead as anything can be. When we reconstruct from these bones its life habits and mode of feeding, and when, further, we extend the imagination back to its surroundings in Miocene times, it begins to become an object of the greatest interest.

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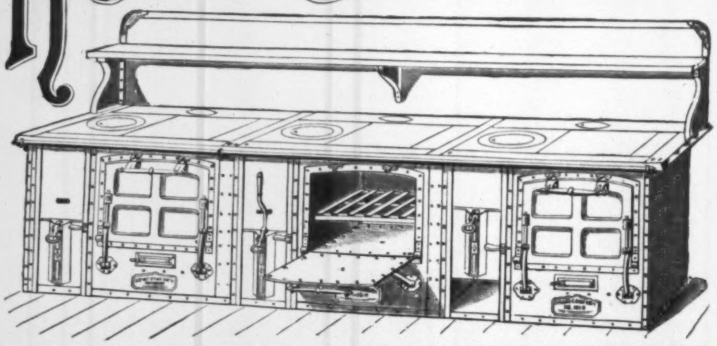

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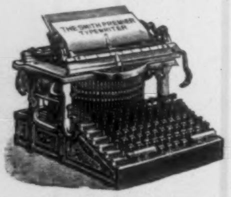

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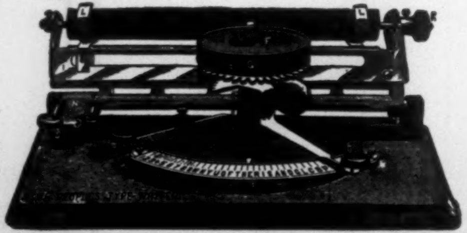

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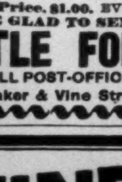

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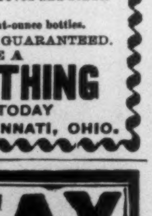

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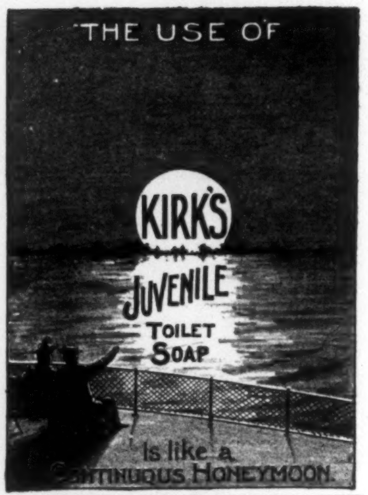

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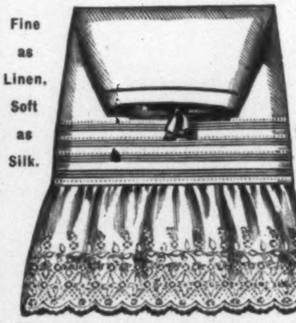

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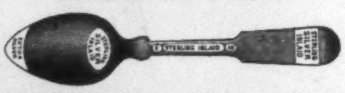

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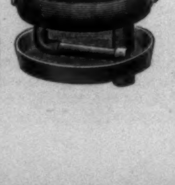

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AMATEVR · SPORT

NOTHING SO DISTINCTLY EMPHASIZES the development of the American sportsmen as the strong and general movements towards the preservation of our timber land. The unthinking man, skimming over his morning paper, reads of a bill enacted by the State Legislature setting aside so many acres of timber land for a State park as one of the routine acts of the law-makers; but the man who thinks as he reads recognizes the sound public sentiment that has made such legislation possible, and hears the death-knell of vicious devastation. He sees in it the sign manual of the little bands of sportsmen, scattered over the country, who have labored faithfully for the enlightenment of the people, and he marvels at the great work that has been accomplished in so short a time. He remembers probably, if he has handled either rod or gun, how he shot at anything in sight, whether on the wing or not, in his boyhood days, trapped rabbits, and dug for worms to lure his trout, while game-protection or forest-preservation he never heard of. As the men who first used artificial flies in angling were laughed at, so those who early preached the doctrine of fair chase and forest-preservation were scarcely able to secure an audience. Gradually, however, the spirit of sportsmanship has spread, until throughout the length and breadth of this great land it is wellnigh universal.

WHILE THE PROTECTION OF GAME has occupied the public mind for a considerable time, the preservation of our forests has had comparatively but recent attention. The past five years especially have seen more done in this direction than probably the previous ten. President Harrison and his Secretary of Interior, Noble, brought their influence to bear in the good work, with the most satisfactory results. By their efforts alone no less than fifteen timber reserves were established, which included 1,239,000 acres adjoining the Yellowstone Park; 4,000,000 in central California; 1,337,000 in southern California; 4,000,000 in Colorado; 967,000 in Washington; 1,850,000 in Arizona, comprising the grand cañon of the Colorado River, the site of the most rugged and magnificent scenery probably in the world; 311,000 in New Mexico; and 142,000 in Oregon—altogether upwards of 13,000,000 acres.

Such an example by the government has had its effect on the States, and the general agitation of the subject has done much for the cause, not only in preservation of timber land, but in the protection of game. In a tour of the country made recently by the writer the number of associations and the sincerity of their members formed for the protection of game and the enforcement of the laws was as surprising as it was satisfying.

OF ALL THE STATES THAT HAVE taken up the good fight none has accomplished so much as New York, and no single official has done so much as Governor Flower. Too much praise cannot be given Mr. Flower for lifting the matter of forest-preservation out of politics. It is to his efforts alone, it may be said, that the "Forest-Preserve Bill," recently passed by the New York Legislature, received the serious consideration it merited. He alone, of all in political power, appeared to grasp the necessities of the case, and in doing so he responded to the earnest desire of those who want to see the forests perpetuated in good order. What these great breathing-spots are to the people any one who studies the situation must realize. It is a subject of general rejoicing that they have been finally secured.

THE BILL JUST PASSED establishes the boundary of a forest preserve in the Adirondack Mountains, to be called the "Adirondack Park," and which will include the large tracts of the scattered and disconnected land the State has owned for some time in that section. This great park, which comprises about 500,000 acres, is to be "forever reserved, maintained, and cared for as a ground open for the free use of the people, for their health and pleasure, and as forest lands necessary to the preservation of the head-waters of the chief rivers of the State, and a future timber supply." The direct charge of the park is to be under five commissioners, to be appointed by the Governor, and it is safe to say that, having carried the matter to so successful an issue, he will not jeopard its future by calling incapable or unworthy men to so important a duty.

These commissioners are empowered to sell all spruce and tamarack timber exceeding twelve inches in diameter, and to apply the proceeds to the purchase of additional lands lying within the bounds of the park. Thus it is expected, in the course of a few years, to materially enlarge the present acreage.

In congratulating ourselves on the final wresting of this great section of country from the hands of the despoiler it is only fair to say that the several private clubs which have their properties in or about the park have done much towards not only protecting the game and timber, but in educating the people of that section in the principles of sportsmanship. Of these co-laborers in the cause the Adirondack League Club has been a constant and valuable worker.

Nor has the wave of enlightenment spent its force in New York State. The New Hampshire Legislature has recently made a similar reservation, and in Massachusetts there is an association formed for the purpose of reserving breathing spots for the people wherever it is feasible throughout the State.

NO VICTORY SO SIGNAL has been gained for the protection of game as the winning of the suit against the Delmonico restaurant in this city by Game-Warden Kidd. It will be remembered, Delmonico served certain birds out of season, and was detected and fined by the warden. Refusing to pay, suit was brought, and finally, after endless red tape in the District Attorney's office, Delmonico has lost the suit, and paid the fine and costs.

This case is dwelt on here because it was against one of the first restaurants of the country; the defeat of so wealthy a caterer as Delmonico carries with it a warning to all other like offenders, and encouragement to members of game-protection associations all over the country.

If people would only learn that storage-house game, and all game out of season, is a vastly inferior article, there would be no more birds served out of season. The price of the birds whets the appetite, but it is a case where the anticipation greatly exceeds the realization.

THE RACQUET MATCH ON LAST THURSDAY between Mr. B. S. de Garmendia and Mr. John S. Tooker for the amateur championship conclusively proved the former to be without a peer at the game in this country. It is too bad Mr. De Garmendia was not in such form as that of last week, when he met Mr. Percy Ashworth, the English amateur. Had he been, one must believe the American game would have shown to better advantage. The story of the De Garmendia-Tooker match is told in a few words. The Boston man played a fast, low game, invariably starting off with a lead. He was active and untiring, but his judgment in serving was often at fault.

B. S. DE GARMENDIA, RACQUET CHAMPION.

De Garmendia's game was the consummation of skill and judgment. His placing was remarkable, his luring Tooker from the back court being particularly effective, while his "getting" was astonishing. Tooker's weakness in back-hand strokes was apparent, and in these De Garmendia is very strong. Mr. De Garmendia won in three straight sets—15-7, 15-12, 15-13.

The list of winners since 1876 is:

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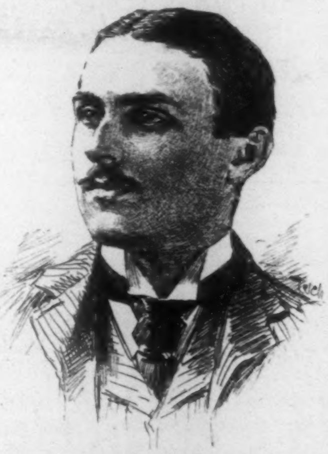
1886—P. Allen.
1887—C. L. Perkins.
1888—B. S. de Garmendia.
1889—B. S. de Garmendia.
1890—B. S. de Garmendia.
1891—B. S. de Garmendia.
1892—J. S. Tooker.
1893—B. S. de Garmendia.

The championship is held alternate years on the courts of the Boston Athletic Association and the Racquet and Tennis Club of New York, at the close of the club tournament.

The Racquet Club's tournament this year, more than any other has done, evinced the steady improvement in form and interest that is being made in the game. The entries were more numerous, and the playing much better. It took the '92 champion—Tooker—four games to defeat Mr. E. La Montagne, Jun., whose placing was particularly clever, but who showed a lack of physical condition.


J. S. TOOKER, EX-CHAMPION RACQUETS.

Mr. Hunnewell, the Boston player, made a creditable showing, but lost to Mr. Tooker in 3 straight.

THE POSSIBLE MAKE-UP of the Yale nine has been narrowed down to the ordinary 1st of May limits. The Easter vacation and the trip South threw out the doubtful men, and this month has been devoted to a general revision, based upon the experience of that trip and the showing of the individual players. In the first place, it was clearly demonstrated that the in-field needed a steadying influence. The men were too new and inexperienced to hold together in exciting moments, and when a break-up came, it was a bad one. Settling down appeared impossible, and the chance of a "rattled" in-field in a championship game was too serious to be ignored. Captain Bliss's realization of this danger has been proved by his stepping into short stop, which little Murphy filled so ably last year, and which this season was, perhaps, the weakest place of the in-field. There is every likelihood that he will remain in that position, and how well he can fill it a few weeks must determine. His experience at third base some two years ago, and his more recent work in the out-field, are likely to lead him into making an occasional over-throw, which, when it occurs, may mean that the runner takes third and possibly home on the error. But his influence with the rest of the in-fielders is good, and his former excellent baseball work gives assurance of his filling short satisfactorily.

RUSTIN WILL PLAY THIRD, and is putting up a good game. He handles the ball well, and is trustworthy, although not a fancy player. Hedges will play second, and as yet is slow for that position. He will not cover the ground that such men as Norton and Calhoun were wont to patrol against the hits of the adversaries, but both he and Rustin are batting very well—better, in fact, than Bliss, who does not yet have much luck with the stick.

Stephenson, at first, is, however, the leader at present in lining the ball out, and if he keep up his work in that respect, will be of material assistance to Yale's run-getting. He plays his base well, although not brilliantly, but makes a good mark for his diamond.

Beall and Case, as they did last year, will cover centre and left, although the latter has been on the sick-list for a time. Both are fair hitters and good base-runners, likely to make the most of any opportunities to exchange first for second, or even second for third in a pinch.

Speer is the best candidate for right field, and particularly as he is serviceable as a change pitcher.

Davis can also pitch a fair game, and when not in the box, covers the field well enough to be available.

YALE SEEMS WELL SUPPLIED with catchers in Greenway, Kedzie, and Jackson, although the last has lately stopped practising, and will probably drop out of the ranks. Either Kedzie or Greenway is a satisfactory back stop, and both hold Carter, the best of the pitchers, with no great difficulty, although he has not yet perhaps let himself out. Kedzie is a shade the better of the two, although Greenway is as trustworthy behind the bat as he was on the end of the rush-line. Kedzie has also a bit the better of the throwing, getting the ball to the bases in good style.

Carter is by all odds the best man Yale has in the box this season. He is a thorough ball-player, and can cover first base or play behind the bat as well as any man Yale has for either position. But it is as a pitcher that his value is the greatest this year. He has excellent control of the ball, a good knowledge of batters, and a change of speed that is very trying to the opposing nine.

The nine are batting better than they did last year, but that is not saying very much for them. Their fielding is not so finished nor so sharp as that which characterized Murphy's nine. Second base is short-covered, and the whole diamond is a little slow.

THE YALE CREW is sure to be a good one. Naturally the loss of Hartwell, Balliet, and Graves has made a gap difficult to fill, but the material, though not numerous, is of good quality, and is breaking in well. When one sees the boat go off, and notes the steady, even swing of that pair of oars which sets the stroke for the other six, and observes the finished work of those two men who sat at seven and eight last year on the Thames, one cannot but think that any six men ought to row well who have Gallaudet and Ives always before them. They may not be so powerful as Cross and Carter of the old '88 crew, but they can row.

Rogers, '94 S., is rowing at No. 6, and is likely to hold the place. Beard has been kept in the boat until recently, but will hardly get a place this year. Longacre, '95, who, although by no means smooth, pulls a powerful oar, and Goetchius, '94 S., who made something of a name on his Freshman crew last year, have been filling No. 5; they weigh, one a little over, the other a couple of pounds under, 175.

PAINE, '94, WHOSE MASSIVE FIGURE we know of old, is sitting at No. 4 with his 190 odd pounds of beef. He doesn't slump so badly as he used to, nor swing out so much. Like Corbin, he improves from year to year. At No. 3 is Van Huyck, whose injured eye has kept him out of the boat and necessarily put him a little out of touch with the others. Messler, '94 S., has taken Balliett's old place at No. 2. He does not row so well there as did his predecessor, but he has the advantage in height. He is a very strong man, and rather clumsy in handling his oar. Johnson is pulling bow, as he did last year, and will fill the seat with equal satisfaction. He is a clever oar, and naturally apt in his work. The crew has only recently begun rowing in a shell, and certainly send it along smoothly for this time of the year. In another two weeks, when the weather has settled, and the men have had an opportunity of feeling their work, comment may be more to the point. In the mean time it is safe to say there will be no cause for Bob Cook to be ashamed of them. He handled the crew for the first time last week, and Cowles, Stevenson, and Hartwell had each put in a little time at New Haven.

THE HARVARD BASEBALL TEAM has started out this season with as good material for a first-class nine as perhaps has ever before come together on Holmes Field, if not better. Last year the nine was considered one of the strongest amateur teams in the country, and this year, in addition to all the old men, there are Sullivan and Abbot. Sullivan captained the Amherst nine last year, and was recognized as one of the best short stops on any college team. Besides playing his position in good style, he knows the game thoroughly, and always has his eyes open. Abbot did not play last year, being in business in New York. The year before, however, he captained and played third base on the Dartmouth team, on which he gained a reputation for heavy batting. He is a hard worker, and tries for everything. Though his old position was third base, thus far this season he has been playing left field, Cook being too good a man at third for Abbot to displace.

Mason has been laid off with scarlet fever, and it is very doubtful if he can get into condition for the first Princeton game. At present he is still in bed at the Cambridge hospital, though it is hoped that he will be up and out-doors by the first part of next week. With Mason out of the game it will be a hard question for Captain Frothingham to decide whether to put in as a battery Wiggin and Upton, or Highlands and Corbett. Corbett caught Highlands on the spring trip, and the last few games did very well. He has all the physical requisites for a perfect catcher. He has weight and strength, and at the same time is very quick, and can get a ball to second base faster than Mason. His great fault, however, is his irregularity. The ball may go to second fast enough, but it is likely to be about ten feet over the second baseman's head. Corbett makes wonderful stops, but he is too apt to drop a third strike. If he could be made to realize the advisability of "giving" before swift pitching, and not "fighting the ball," as he does at present, he would make vast improvement in his catching. All the trouble has not been with Corbett this year, however. Jack Highlands has been pitching in miserable form. He is very wild, and the two games lost on the Southern trip were due to his bases on balls given incessantly and at inopportune moments. Corbett saved him from many wild pitches.

(*Continued on page* 411.)

PRIMITIVE WESTERN HOUSES.

One of the first needs of a settler in a new country is a house. This, it often happens, he constructs himself, and as a few indispensable household goods and at most a few hundred dollars comprise his entire possessions, it must be built as quickly and as cheaply as possible. Under these circumstances the first buildings erected are neither pretentious nor commodious. Usually they contain but one room, and that is often a small one. They are constructed of the cheapest lumber procurable, have one or two windows and a door, and the owner considers himself fortunate if he can afford a shingle roof. Sometimes roof and sides are sheathed with tar-paper, which wind and rain soon penetrate. Or the sides may be "weather-boarded," and the roof shingled.

This is by no means a permanent residence. Often it is wanted only for the few months that the settler is required by government to live upon the land in order to own it. In the case of a permanent resident, it suffices until time and money permit the construction of a more comfortable dwelling.

Sod is used as a building material in the West. Strips are ploughed in a spot thickly clothed with short grass. These strips are of a uniform thickness of three inches, and of a breadth of about ten inches. When cut into pieces of a convenient length, they are ready to be built like bricks into walls. Sometimes the sod is piled around an ordinary frame house, but the walls often consist only of sod, without other support. Owing to the nature of the material, the walls must be very thick, and for that reason sod makes a warm house. The roof may be of shingles, or it may be of rough boards covered with a few inches of earth and sod.

Houses built in this manner are a good protection from wind and weather when new, but they soon become comfortless enough. The soil is washed away from the window and door frames, leaving holes through which the rain pours in summer and the snow drifts in winter. A few sod houses that are still occupied were built twenty years ago. Some of them are plastered on the outside, and these resemble stone houses very closely at a short distance. This external plastering serves the double purpose of improving the appearance of the house and of protecting it from rain and frost. Many, however, remain unplastered either inside or out, and every rain washes some soil from the walls, until in a few years they are levelled to the prairie.

The dugout is frequently seen. For its location a steep hill-side is best suited. It consists essentially of a hole dug in the ground, and is as lowly as an ant-hill or the home of the prairie-dog. The hill itself usually forms three sides of the house, while the fourth may be of sod or lumber. In this fourth side are all the doors and windows the house contains. The roof is formed by laying beams or poles from wall to wall, and covering these with a layer of straw and earth. Sometimes a frame-work is built within this hole, to keep the walls from tumbling in upon the occupants, and a floor is added; but these improvements are not always necessary. The inmates of these houses do not fear the fiercest winds that sweep across the prairies.

There is still another kind of house that is peculiar to the West. This is half frame and half dugout. A hole is dug in the ground to the depth of two feet or more, and of the desired size. Over this a frame house is constructed to the height of four feet. Two or three half-length windows are put in the sides, steps are made leading down to the floor, the earth taken from the hole is banked outside almost to the eaves, and the house is complete.

It not infrequently happens that the rattlesnake seeks the warmth of the Western fireside. The little striped ground-squirrel digs through the walls, centipedes creep in at every crack, and the field-mouse is the source of much annoyance. But all these are little experiences which the pioneer expected to encounter when he came to civilize this new country, and he endures them uncomplainingly in anticipation of future prosperity.

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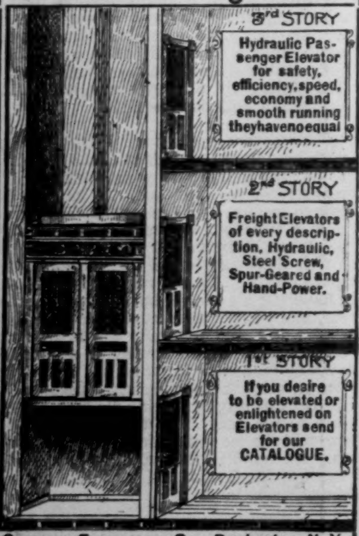
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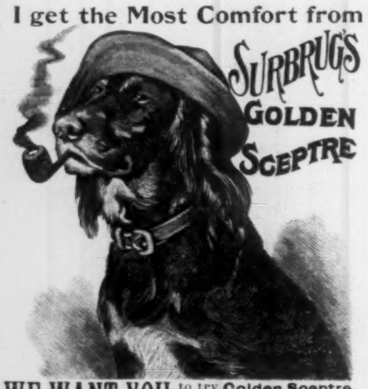

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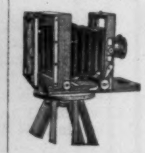

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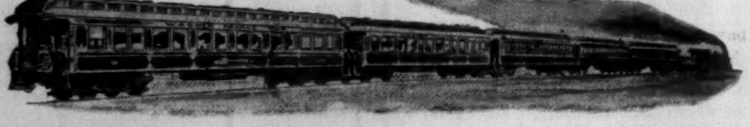

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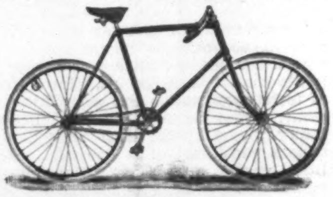

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(*Continued from page 409.*)

Wiggin and Upton are the other pair. Upton's thumb, which he broke last year, could not be trusted to hold Highland's speedy wildness, but he is a great back-stop for Wiggin. His greatest and almost only fault is his hesitation in throwing to bases. The Williams men on Wednesday had no trouble in stealing second on Upton. He catches the ball, waits a moment to aim, then throws a swift straight ball to second, but it is very apt to get there just too late. That moment's delay after catching the ball is fatal.

Wiggin's pitching this year is a reward for perseverance. He was a substitute on his Freshman team three years ago, pitching only half one game against the Yale Freshmen, and being hit freely. Since then he has worked faithfully under good coaching, and to-day in many respects he is the best pitcher in Harvard College. He has fair speed, perfect control, and a good head. He always inspires his team with confidence. The men seem to know that a first-class team will hit him for seven or eight hits; no more, and probably no less. He pitches good steady ball all the time, whether far ahead or far behind. He has never been known to get rattled, and in a tight place never fails to rise to the situation, and come out all right. His batting, however, is not up to the mark, and this is a strong point against him when compared to Highlands.

Another change on account of illness is Trafford on first instead of Dickinson. The latter is the better man of the two, and handles himself more like a ball-player, but at present is laid off on account of general debility, and Trafford is filling his old position. If Trafford can learn to bat, the change is likely to prove a permanent one, as Dickinson has not been playing up to the standard of his last year's game. Moreover, Trafford can always be trusted in a tight place, and although not so good an all-round player as Dickinson, is the better man when it comes to a close game with Yale or Princeton. His long experience in football has not been without its good effect in teaching him never to lose his head, as Dickinson is rather apt to do if hard pressed.

The most radical change of the season, however, is the moving of Hovey to second, Sullivan playing short stop, Frothingham taking his old position in right field, where he played two years ago, in Dudley Dean's year, and Abbot taking left field, Cook and Hallowell staying in their old positions of third base and centre field respectively. Sullivan made a failure at left field, but on the Southern trip he filled Hovey's position at short stop, and did it so creditably that Captain Frothingham has kept him there, feeling he was too good a man not to be utilized. Though very slow in the out-field, he covers a great deal of ground at short, and is a sure thrower to first base. Hovey used to play second on the Brown team, the year before he played short stop on the same team; with only one week's practice. He does not always know how to fill his position to the best advantage, and in the Williams game several times he should have backed up first when he was covering second. However, he is quick to learn, and it will not be long before he is at home in the position. He and Sullivan make a great pair working together on second base, and as soon as they become a little more accustomed to each other's playing, Captain Frothingham's change will be seen to be a wise one.

Cook on third base is a doubtful man, and is very remarkable in some ways. When a ball comes easily within his reach he never fails to pick it up cleanly, and his throwing to first base is a marvel. The trouble is, he is too well satisfied with picking up those close to him, and seems to lose confidence when he runs across towards short stop for a ball. Often he leaves these for Sullivan to take. Sullivan may get the ball, but he has to turn clear round, and it is generally too late to catch the man at first. Cook must cover more ground, or Abbot is likely to be given a chance at third, which, by-the-way, he covered on the Dartmouth team. At present he is suffering from a strained muscle in his leg, which makes him very slow in the out-field. When his leg is well he ought to cover more ground in left field than he does at present. His hard hitting is Abbot's strongest point, and were it not for that he would be hard pressed by Corbett for the position of left field. At centre, Hallowell can probably fill his old position, but he has fallen off badly in his batting. He does not bat in the same form as last year, and though seldom striking out, rarely makes a clean single.

In right field it will not take Frothingham long to get used to his old position. He is fairly good on ground balls, and is apt to misjudge a long fly, but this is mostly on account of lack of practice.

The team, as a whole, is made up of first-class individual players, but as yet they have not begun to play their team game. It always takes a good team three or four weeks of playing together in the same position for each man to know just how each other man plays his position, and how to play accordingly. Three weeks from this time, with such a lot of veteran players, there should be no lack of team playing. The men are batting fairly well for this time of year.

The Harvard crew of '93 is a vastly different one from that of last year. If one may venture an opinion so early in the season, there will be a hotter race at New London next June than we have seen for many a long year. Briefly, the entire aspect of the Harvard eight is changed from what we have been accustomed to see in the last year or so. There is a life and snap that is as new as it is pleasing.

The men in the boat last week were Newell, bow; Richardson, 2; Johnson, 3; Davis, 4; Cummings, 5; Captain Vail, 6; Fearing, 7; and Fennessey.

This is Newell's third year in the bow of the 'varsity shell, and he is to-day as hard a worker as he was when first a candidate. This has proved to be so rare a quality in a Harvard oarsman that it is worthy of comment. Rather short in stature, but hardy and strong, he is a valuable man for the boat. He does not pull a graceful oar, but a strong one, and can be depended upon. He has known what it is to leave Yale in a race, and he has heard the din of a Yale victory long before he could cross the line.

Richardson is a '95 man, and rowed on his class crew. He does not impress me as being very powerful, but his faults are not marked. He blends well with the rest of the crew.

Johnson, '94, who is at 3, is a fair oar, not powerful, but with an easy manner of handling himself, which ought to enable him to become a well-finished oar.

Davis, '94, pulled in his class boat, and was also a substitute on last year's 'varsity. He is rowing much better than he did last year, and bids fair to be worthy of a place.

It is a short time since Cummings took his old place at No. 5, and he is not therefore in perfect condition, but his presence in the boat gives guarantee that the stroke will be handed back properly. He is of a phlegmatic disposition, and would never allow himself to become rattled. He pulls a good, honest oar, but he is by no means a graceful one.

Captain Vail, at 6, is having a hard fight for the position. Decidedly over weight and soft from his long rest (due to football injury), he labors over his work, and presents a marked contrast to the quick-moving men in front of him. His form his bad, and he must improve greatly during the next week or two if he is to deserve his position. The fact that he rowed on the '91 crew helps him, but his enforced rest during last season caused him to lose many good qualities.

Fearing, at 7, is doing good work. He is an all-round athlete, whose equal is seldom found. His absence from the "Mott Haven" team may weaken Harvard's chances in that direction, but his presence in the boat will greatly strengthen the crimson hopes on the water. His long reach, easy recover, and untiring energy ably fit him for his position, and there will be no excuse, so far as he is concerned, for Harvard's not pulling a long enough stroke this year.

But it is in Fennessey, '96, that Harvard has found a friend in need. Since Penrose, in '85, no man has seemed to present so many good qualifications for stroke. While as yet he is by no means a finished oar, his two or three years' experience at St. Paul's School has made him acquainted with the water, and he handles himself accordingly. It is unusual to find a Freshman stroking a 'varsity boat, yet he is surely the best man yet tried in this position. One thing is certain: there will be no break between 7 and 8 in this year's Harvard crew, for Fennessey and Fearing work well together.

As to the general rowing of the crew, it is far ahead of what it was last year at this time. There is a good reach forward for the stroke. The arms are shot out until they are straight, and the whole effort to get on the full reach is made gracefully and quickly. But on the full reach there is a bad hang. The oars are held suspended too long, and when they are driven into the water they do not all have the proper face, nor are they put into the water together. Some of the men slip, and consequently there is lack of uniformity in the stroke. The greatest fault, however, seems to be on the management of the slides. The men rest too heavily in the seats. Instead of giving the impression of standing on their stretchers during the stroke, they appear simply to slide back. They use their slides to take the pressure off their legs, instead of using them as a means to put more pressure on. In other words, the slides are started too quickly. Again, on the recover they fail to take advantage of the slides, but, rushing them down, stop while they place the oars in the water. It is in this very thing that the Yale crews have far excelled Harvard for years. There is a fraction of a second when the slide must stop at the full reach and at the finish of a stroke, in order to change the direction. Any longer delay than is absolutely necessary directly impedes the progress of the boat, for the longer it stops the longer is the oarsman a dead-weight. It is, therefore, in the management of the slide that seconds of speed can be saved.

Harvard crews have failed to fully grasp this point many times, or at least have not profited by it. They slide up, stop; slide back, stop. There is none of that peculiar rhythmical motion to their stroke which denotes power and perfect command over every auxiliary. They row prettily, but not effectively. Without doubt Harvard is going to have a well-finished crew to pit against Yale this June, but unless the proper means are taken soon to make the stroke more effective, she will not have a fast one.

The Harvard-Yale athletic games this year are certain to be the most interesting since this dual arrangement was consummated. In 1891, the first year of competition under this plan, the score was, Harvard, 85; Yale, 27. In '92 there were only ten points difference in the result, Harvard securing 61 to Yale's 51. This year at this early date the two seem to be more evenly matched than ever before, though one has only the old men to count on, since the new men have had little or no opportunity to show what they can do.

It is Harvard's turn to have the games, and the date has been set for May 13th. It looks as though the best interest of neither had been consulted in placing the day of contest so early in the spring. It hardly gives time to put new men into any kind of shape, and allows no opportunity of acquiring the much-needed seasoning derived by competing in the early club games. Moreover, inasmuch as track athletics fail to draw so well as the other spring game, baseball, it would go a long way towards strengthening its prospects if it was brought nearer the more popular sport. If the date of competitions could be placed about the second week in June, and in the morning of a day on which a baseball match was to be played, it would draw a large percentage of men who would not have made the trip without the baseball inducement.

While a plan of exactly this kind may not be feasible, there is no doubt that a much better date could be chosen than the early one of this year.

Both universities have lost several of their best men, and many of the old faces with which we have grown familiar will this year be missing. Harvard has lost more heavily than Yale. Of last year's crimson team Lowell, Green, Evins, Batchelder, R. Davis, Wright, and Brown are not in college. Fearing is on the crew, and will not be available, except possibly in the high jumps, and Collamore, who took second in the mile, has the baseball fever, and will not train for the athletic team. These men won 32 points for Harvard last year, Fearing taking 12, Lowell 5, and Green 4.

Yale sustains a severe loss in her sprints, neither Swayne nor Allen, who ran one, two in both 100 and 220, being in college. The other absent winners are Sandford, Wright, and Wade, and these won 26 points against Harvard last year.

What this annual dual contest has done for Yale athletics may be appreciated when it is known that this spring brought out upwards of 200 candidates, a number altogether unprecedented at New Haven. Harvard has always been particularly strong in this branch, and this year is no exception to the rule, for trainer Lathrop has had about 300 men to pick from. It must be remembered to-day, in casting up Yale's chances, that the blue has Mike Murphy to train the team, and he is one of the best men in the country. If there is any "go" in the new men at New Haven, he will be certain to bring it out of them.

Of Harvard's sprinters, W. S. Thompson, captain of the team, is the best known. He won his first heat last year in 10⅖. Bloss is still in college, and has also run in 10⅖, but he is more likely to confine his efforts to the jumps. Baker, Whittren, and Sayre are the others more prominent just now, and of them Sayre seems the most promising. Of the quarter-milers Merrell should prove a winner; he was only a yard back of the Harvard Wright at the Intercollegiate Championships, and is going well. Pinkham made a good race at New Haven last year, though mistaking the finish line, and probably thereby losing at least a place, and Bingham was well up in his heat at the intercollegiates. Brewer, the football back, is expected to be a winner in whatever event he is placed, though just now he is not in condition. He beat Coombs (who ran second to Downs in 50 seconds in the A. A. U. championships) in the New England championships, and has given much promise in the hurdles. Garcelon is another candidate who is likely to win points for Harvard either in the quarter or, more likely, in the low hurdles, where the crimson stands most in need of men. Bremer is another prospective winner.

Harvard's mainstay in the half-mile is J. Corbin, who won from Wright at New Haven last year, and ran second to Turner at the intercollegiates in 1.59⅕. Of the others, Hubbell is showing up the best, but Harvard is sure to be strong in the middle distances; of 83 men, most of them new, tried in the quarter, 62 of them beat a minute the first time they ran, and 16 did 55 and under, one flier, who is to be a dark horse doing 52⅖.

If Carr and Collamore would come out, Harvard would feel pretty safe in the mile; but the first cannot train, and the second will not. This leaves the event to Fenton, who beat Allison at Worcester, and ran a mile last winter on a nine-lap track in 4.42, Blake, who did 4.36 in the autumn games off the 15-yard mark, and Coolidge. J. O. Nichols, who won the event in '91 in the mud in 4.35, is in college, but he is not likely to come out. He was not in condition last year, as his running proved, and he is no better this season.

In the jumps there are Bloss and Shead for the broad, and Bloss, Sherwin, and Putnam in the high. Shead took the broad last year at New Haven, Bloss being unable to get his "take off." Putnam is a Freshman, and did 5 ft. 10 at his preparatory school. Sherwin has done 5 ft. 10, and pole vaulted 10 ft. 5¾. He and Wheelwright will be depended on for the latter event, in which Putnam is a novice with a 9 ft. ½ in. record. If Fearing should enter the high jump, he will in all probability win it; he did 6 feet at the in-door games, proving that in his rowing he had not lost the old skill entirely.

The high hurdles will have Shead (if he gets into shape), who won the New England Championship in 16⅖, and K. Brown, who has done 17¼. There have been no men developed in the low hurdles of especial merit, unless Brewer should go into them, but there are eighteen men at work, and some of them promising. It is probable that among the quarter-mile candidates one or two low hurdlers will be found worth counting on, though it will take an especially good one to get near Yale in this event.

There is not a candidate in the hammer who can throw over 80 feet, while in the shot, W. Shea, who has done 40 feet, is not getting down to work as he should. Three years ago he put the shot 39 feet, and as he weighs 250, he should have made a reputation for himself by this time. Harvard's big men appear disinclined to go into this game; there are several of them who ought to do well. In the bicycle event the crimson is in better luck; for Elliot, with a record of 5.30, Pratt, 5.38, and Phil Davis, who is equally as fast, are all in college.

Yale has so many new men, and such a large proportion of them untried, that it is impossible to say how they will stand against those whose ability is more or less known. In the sprints the only veteran is A. H. Jones, captain of the team. He is a strong, plucky runner, though he has never shown up because of the remarkably fast men Yale has had. Of the new men, Richards, the substitute full back, is considered the most promising. He won the 50 yard dash at the in-door games in 5⅖, and there is no doubt of his wind. Spencer is a Freshman who did 10⅖, or 10⅘, in his interscholastic games, and Day, Smith, and Bennett are all unknown quantities.

In the quarter great things are expected of Laughlin, who comes from Pittsburg, where he is said to have done 52⅕. Frank and Anderson are the other hopefuls in this event. The other middle-distance event, the half-mile, has quite as many undeveloped men—Chubb, Crane, Potter, though the first is said to have done a quarter in 52. Butterworth, the full back, has run for a year or so, though securing no points.

The mile has S. Scoville, who ran third last year in fast company, and Morgan, a new man, who did 4.42 in-doors last winter, and with whom it is expected to head off some of Harvard's "old reliables." Woodhull and W. Scoville are both new and untried at this distance. Wight is the only man relied on to take points from the Harvard walkers, Bardeen and Endicott; he was unfortunate last year in falling. With Lyman and Eaton, Yale has the best prospect of two firsts in the high and low hurdles. Lyman won the high last year, and Eaton was second to Fearing in the low in 25⅗. There are, besides, Hart and Van Ingen, old men, and Hall, a Freshman, for the low, and Cady, another Freshman, who ran the high hurdles in 17⅕ at his interscholastic games. Yale also has last year's first and second winners in the pole vault, Cartwright and Hart, while a new man, Rice, has an in-door record of 10 ft. 3.

The jumps as usual are Yale's weak point, the best man in the high being a new man, Sheldon, with a record of 5 feet 8 inches; Lyman, 5 feet 6; O'Rorke and Ladd, both of whom are good for about 5 ft. 5. Sheldon is also the main-stay of the broad, having done about 20 feet, while Goss, who took third last year, is still in college.

The hammer and shot is where the blue is likely to secure about 16 points, from the present outlook. Hickok will undoubtedly make a new record with the hammer. He has done 110 feet, which is record distance. Stillman is equal to 100 feet and Cross to 90. Lyman has put the shot 39 feet, Hickok, 37, and Cross not much below. Harvard's Shea ought to win the shot if he would learn how to use his great strength, but unless he follows a different course from last year he will do well to get a place.

Brewster is the only veteran in the bicycle event. Wade is sick, and cannot pull into shape, and there seems no one else but Glenning, a new man. A little later, when the men have had a bit of tuning-up work, one may do some figuring on the results—May 13th. Just now the honors seem divided, each college being very strong where the other is very weak.

Caspar W. Whitney.

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